



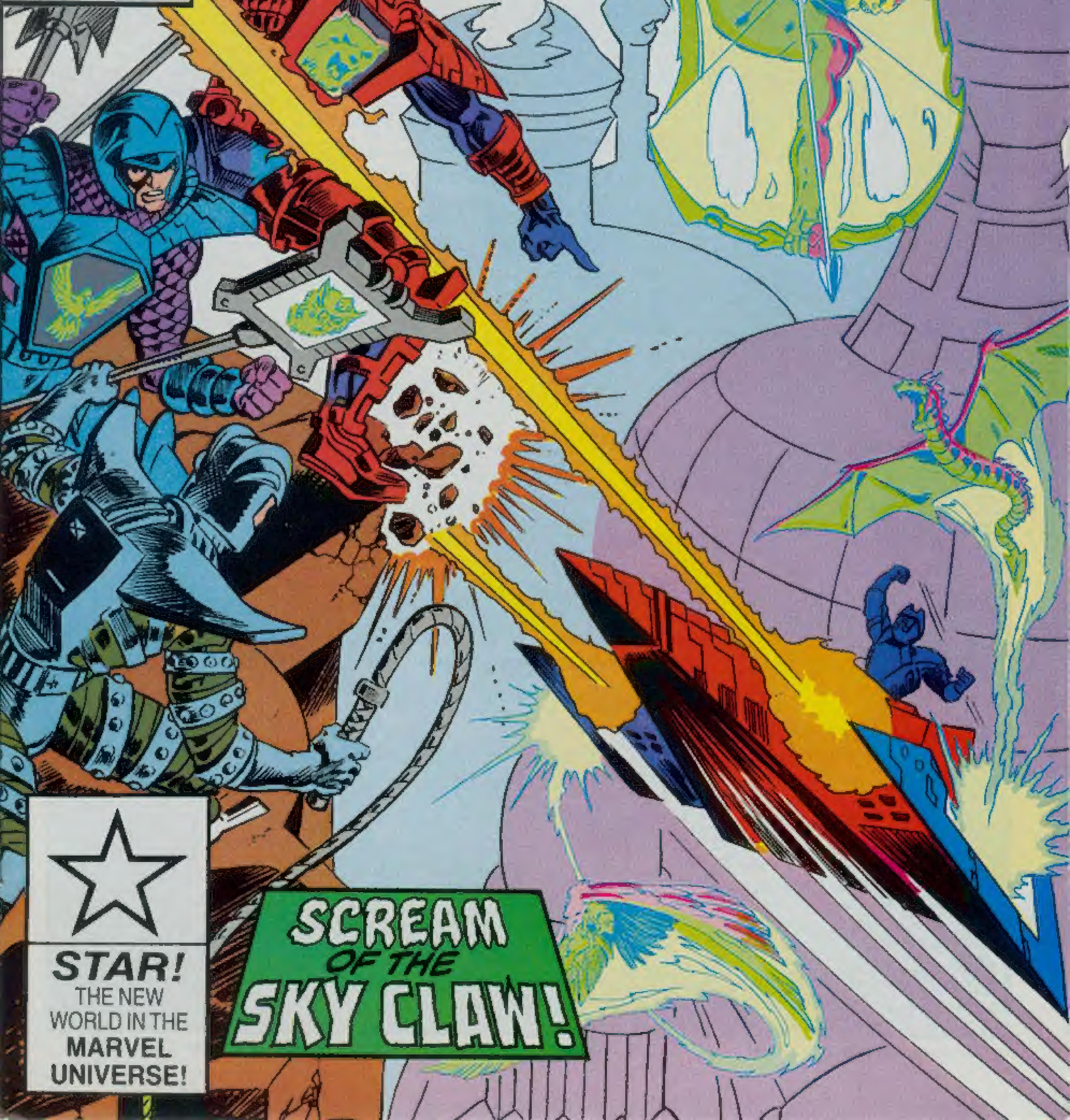
VISIONARIES

Knights of the Magical Light

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

MARVEL®



STAR!
THE NEW
WORLD IN THE
MARVEL
UNIVERSE!

SCREAM
OF THE
SKY CLAW!

THE BALANCE OF POWER

ONLY A FEW SHORT MOMENTS AGO THESE WARRIOR OF THE PLANET PRYSMOS STOOD WITHIN IRON MOUNTAIN MYSTIC FORTRESS OF THE WIZARD KNOWN AS MERKLYN, WHOSE SORCERY IMBUED EACH OF THEM WITH AS-YET-UNKNOWN MAGICAL POWERS...

THEN, WITH A WORD FROM MERKLYNN, THEY WERE INSTANTLY AND MYSTICALLY TRANSPORTED TO THE SHATTERED LAND AT THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE, WHERE THEY HEAR A PROPHECY FILLED BOTH WITH MENACE AND HOPE...

ONE FINAL WORD, BRAVE KNIGHTS! WITH THE POWERS YOU NOW POSSESS, YOU CAN EITHER REBUILD THIS WONDROUS WORLD--

--OR DESTROY IT ALL! THE FATE OF PRYSMOS IS IN YOUR HANDS!

JIM SALICRUP - PLOT
GERRY CONWAY - SCRIPT
MARK BAGLEY - PENCILS
ROMEO TANGHAL - INKS
JANICE CHIANG - LETTERS
JULIANNA FERRITER - COLORS
BOB BUDIANSKY - EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO - EDITOR IN CHIEF

HOLD IT,
MERKLYN! YOU'VE
GIVEN POWERS TO
THE KNIGHTS AND
LORDS WITH STAFFS--
WHAT ABOUT THOSE
OF US WITHOUT
STAFFS?

I HATE
TO AGREE WITH
REEKON, BUT HE'S
RIGHT. WHAT
POWERS WILL WE
HAVE?

YOU WILL
DISCOVER YOUR
POWERS SOON
ENOUGH, ALL
OF YOU.

ONLY YOU
CAN DECIDE
WHETHER TO USE
THOSE POWERS
FOR GOOD
OR ILL.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS...

MERKLYN'S
IMAGE IS
FADING AWAY!

MYSTIC
POWERS--
MYSTIC
STAFFS--
SEEMS
FANTASTIC!

FANTASTIC OR NOT,
WITTERQUICK--YOU'VE
GOT A MYSTIC STAFF,
AND I DON'T!

BUT WE'LL
SOON FIX
THAT!

UH-UH,
REEKON--

--CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT!

CALL ME IMPULSIVE,
BUT I'VE A FEELING
I'LL NEED MY STAFF
TO HELP REBUILD
THE WORLD!

MOVING
SO FAST--
I CAN'T
HOLD--

MY LORD DARKSTORM,
WILL THANK ME FOR
TAKING YOU APART,
CRYOTEK--AND I
PROBABLY WON'T EVEN
WORK UP MUCH OF AN
APPETITE!

NO WONDER
YOU GAT
SO MUCH,
CINDARR!

YOU'VE GOT
SUCH A BIG
MOUTH.

BACK FOR MORE,
EH, REEKON? GLAD
TO ACCOMMODATE.

THE REST OF
YOU--DON'T
JUST STAND
THERE!

LEORIC'S
MEN ARE
OUR
ENEMIES!

IN THE NAME
OF OUR LEADER,
DARKSTORM--
CRUSH THEM!
TAKE THEIR
STAFFS!

WITH A WILD CRY, THE TWO GROUPS OF KNIGHTLY WARRIOR'S ATTACK, THROWING THEMSELVES MAN AGAINST MAN IN A COMBAT MADE ALL THE MORE FEROCIOUS BY ITS SHEER SENSELESSNESS.

SUCH IS THE MADNESS THAT HAS CONSUMED THE ONCE-PEACEFUL PLANET OF PRYSMOS IN THE DAYS SINCE THE AGE OF SCIENCE ENDED, AND THE AGE OF MAGIC RETURNED...

LIKE THE TECHNOLOGY THAT NOW LIES IN SCATTERED RUINS ABOUT THIS WORLD, THE ANCIENT WAYS OF LAW AND PEACE HAVE COLLAPSED AS WELL.

IN THIS SAVAGE NEW WORLD, IN THIS AGE OF MAGIC, THE RULES ARE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST AND MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

WATCHING THIS SCENE, THE KNIGHT KNOWN AS LEORIC FEELS BITTERNESS WELLING IN HIS HEART.

WHAT GLORY THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN, COULD THESE KNIGHTS BUT WORK TOGETHER FOR A COMMON CAUSE...

HA! YOU
MISSSED ME,
GALADRIA!

TYPICAL MALE EGO! I
WASN'T AIMING FOR
YOU, DARKSTORM!

EH?

OOOF!

I'D RATHER FIGHT
VIRULINA, BUT SINCE
SHE ISN'T NEARBY, I'LL
TAKE WHAT FOE I CAN
GET-- SUCH AS THIS
COWARD!

WELL, LEXOR?
WILL YOU FIGHT
OR RUN AWAY?

UHHH!
L-LEAVE ME
ALONE--!

CRAK!

NOT TILL YOU
SURRENDER!

"NO WORDS
ENTERING MY MIND--
LIKE A VOICE
WHISPERING IN
MY EAR!

"THE ARROWS
TURN, THE
SWORDS
REBEL--

"--MAY NOTHING
PIERCE THIS
MORTAL
SHELL!"

HA! I FEEL
POWER
SURGING
THROUGH
ME! NOTHING
CAN HARM ME
NOW! I'M
INVULNERABLE!

WHA--?

MY STAFF
SNAPPED!

IT'S THE
POWER
MERLYN
GAVE ME!
YOU CAN'T
HURT ME,
WOMAN!

BUT I--
I CAN
HURT
YOU!

GALADRIA'S IN
TROUBLE!

BETTER MOVE
FAST BEFORE
SHE GETS--

THONG!

HUM? I
BOUNCED!

OWW! KICKING
HIM IS LIKE
HITTING A
STONE WALL!

NOW IT'S MY
TURN TO TRY
TO SMASH YOU,
WITTERQUICK--
HEY! SLOW
DOWN!

SOME KIND
OF SPELL-
POEM IN MY
THOUGHTS...

"SHEATHE
THESE FEET
IN THE
DRIVING
GALE--

"MAKE
SWEET
THESE
LEGS, O'ER
LAND I
SAIL!"

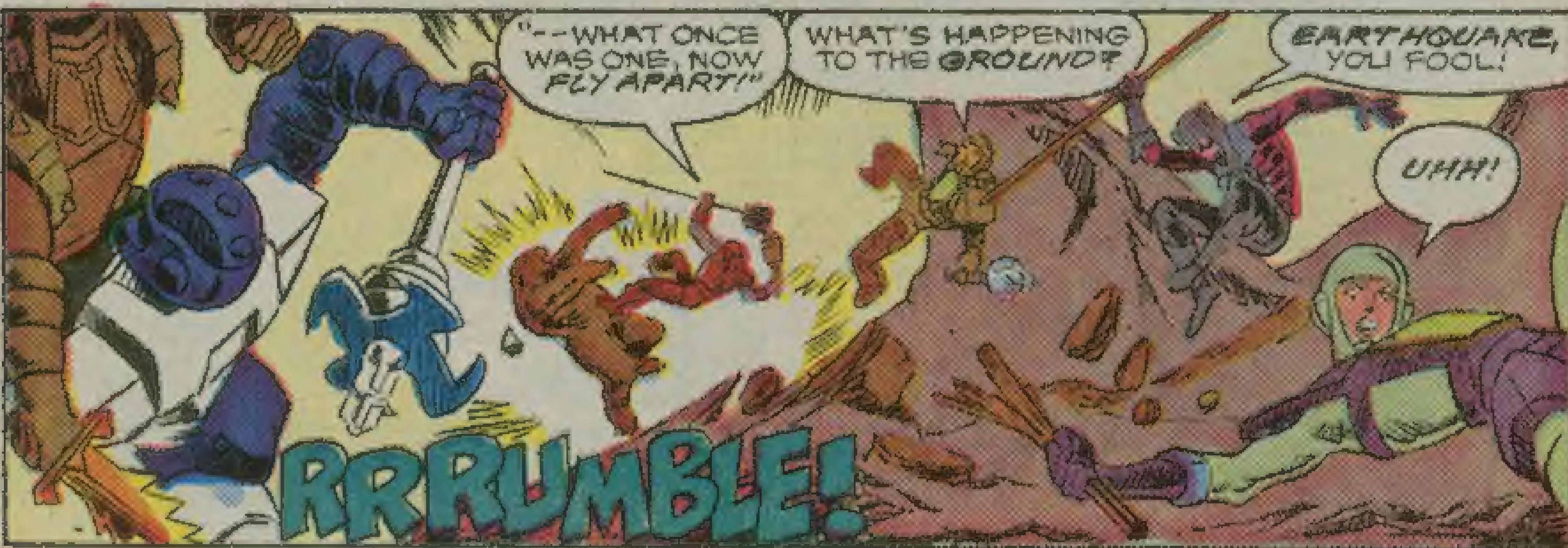
I NEVER SAID
ANYONE MOVE
SO FAST!

I'M TIRED OF YOUR BLUSTER AND THREATS. CINDARR! YOU MAKE ME MAD. I DON'T LIKE BEING MAD.

WHAT'LL YOU DO, LITTLE MAN? LOSE YOUR TEMPER? DON'T SCARE ME. YOU'RE ABOUT AS FRIGHTENING AS THAT OVERGROWN FURBALL ON YOUR CHEST!

YOU'VE TAUNTED ME LONG ENOUGH, YOU HEAR?

RR RUMBLE!

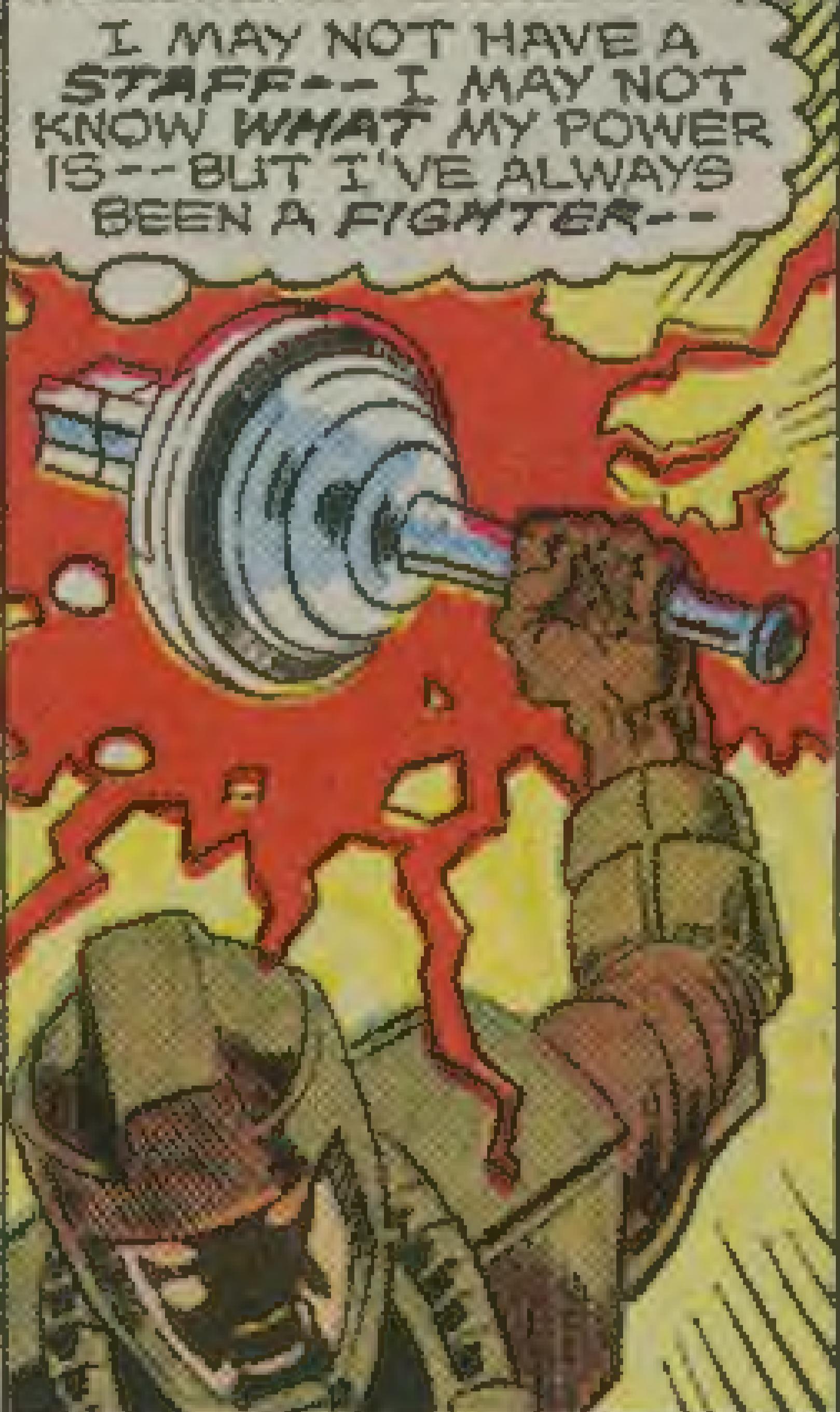
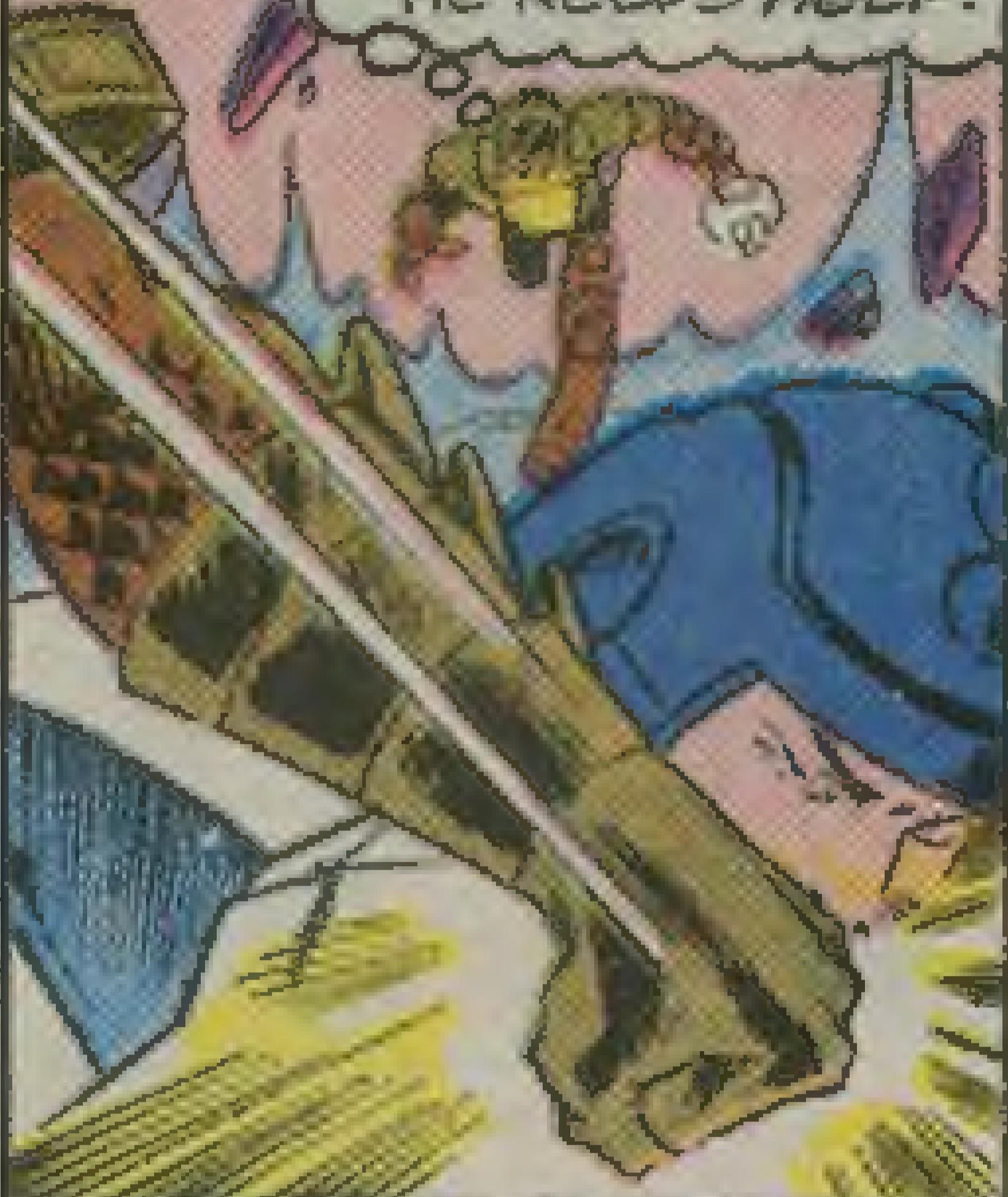


MAKING THE EARTH MOVE MUST BE CINDARR'S POWER! UH-OH! I THOUGHT I SMELLED TROUBLE! REEKON CAUGHT ECTAR OFF GUARD DURING THE SHAKEUP! HE NEEDS HELP!

I MAY NOT HAVE A STAFF-- I MAY NOT KNOW WHAT MY POWER IS-- BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FIGHTER--

--AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO STOP FIGHTING NOW!

WHAM!



YOU ALL RIGHT, OLD-TIMER?

I MAY HAVE A FEW YEARS ON YOU, FERYL, BUT I'M NOT OLD-- JUST EXPERIENCED.

I'D LIKE TO SHARE SOME OF THAT EXPERIENCE WITH REEKON HERE...

ANY TIME YOU'RE READY, ECTAR!

STOP YOUR FIGHTING, ALL OF YOU!

ARE YOU WARRIOR OR MADMEN? THINK OF THE POWER WE NOW POSSESS-- AND LOOK HOW YOU'RE USING IT!



FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES-- LIKE CHILDREN IN A SCHOOLYARD!

WHAT'S WRONG, LERIC? AFRAID YOUR KNIGHTS MIGHT LOSE IF WE FOUGHT A BATTLE TO THE FINISH?

MOST ARE.

OH, SHUT UP.

THAT'S NOT WHAT HE SAID, CRAVEX!

NOT EVERYONE WHO WANTS PEACE IS AFRAID!



WE HAVE A WORLD TO REBUILD! IS THIS ANY WAY TO BEGIN?



WHEN THE AGE OF SCIENCE ENDED,
THE WORLD AS WE KNEW IT ENDED AS
WELL. NOW WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF
MAGIC, A TIME OF WONDER... THE
DAWN OF A NEW BEGINNING.

WITH OUR POWERS, AS WE
COME TO UNDERSTAND THEM,
WE CAN BRING HOPE TO THE
HOPELESS. WE CAN RESTORE
JUSTICE TO THE
LAND.

BUT
FIRST WE
MUST STOP
FIGHTING
AMONG OUR-
SELVES.

I
AGREE.

DARKSTORM...? LET'S SAVE OUR
STRENGTH FOR THE
COMING STRUGGLE
AND LEARN WHAT
POWERS WE EACH
POSSESS.

LET LEORIC
PLAN PEACE
IF IT MAKES
HIM HAPPY.

I WILL PLAN
FOR WAR.
REEKON,
MORTDRED, CINDARR,
CRAVEX AND LEXOR--
YOU'VE ALL SWORN
ALLEGIANCES TO MY
STAFF. WHO ELSE
WILL JOIN THE
DARKLING
LORDS?

I'LL STAND WITH
YOU, DARKSTORM. I'VE
NO PATIENCE FOR
WEAKNESS, AND
LEORIC'S MEWLING
PLEAS FOR PEACE
MAKE MY STOMACH
TURN.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT POWER I
POSSESS, BUT WHEN
I DO... I WANT TO
USE IT TO CRUSH,
NOT CREATE.

GLAD TO
HAVE YOU,
VIRULINA.
ANY
OTHERS?

NOP
VERY WELL, THEN.
WHEN NEXT WE MEET,
MAY IT BE ON THE
FIELD OF BATTLE!

A VIOLENT,
ANGRY MAN,
THAT ONE.

HE'LL MAKE
A MOST
DANGEROUS
ENEMY.



NOT LONG AFTER, AT LEORIC'S STRONGHOLD IN THE CITY OF NEW VALARAK, AMID THE RUINS OF A ONCE-MIGHTY TECHNOLOGY...

IT'S SO FRUSTRATING-- KNOWING YOU HAVE A POWER BUT NOT KNOWING WHAT IT IS. WITHOUT A STAFF, I FEEL ALMOST-- **HELPLESS**

I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, GALADRIA...

AND UNTIL WE COMPREHEND THE FULL NATURE OF THE MAGICAL POWERS MERKLYN GAVE US, I SUGGEST WE STAY HERE IN NEW VALARAK, TO STUDY AND TRAIN TOGETHER.

IN TIME, THOSE OF YOU WITHOUT STAFFS--GALADRIA, FERYL AND ECTAR-- WILL UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE YOUR MAGIC GIFTS REVEALED.

TIME IS SOMETHING WE HAVE IN SHORT SUPPLY, LEORIC.

WITTERQUICK'S RIGHT. WHY WAIT FOR DARKSTORM TO STRIKE?

I SAY WE SHOULD ATTACK FIRST, WITH OR WITHOUT POWERS.

BOY FERYL'S GOT A POINT. BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE.

MAGIC OR NO MAGIC, I WANT TO FACE REEKON AGAIN... ONE ON ONE.

DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY BY YOUR ANGER, ECTAR.

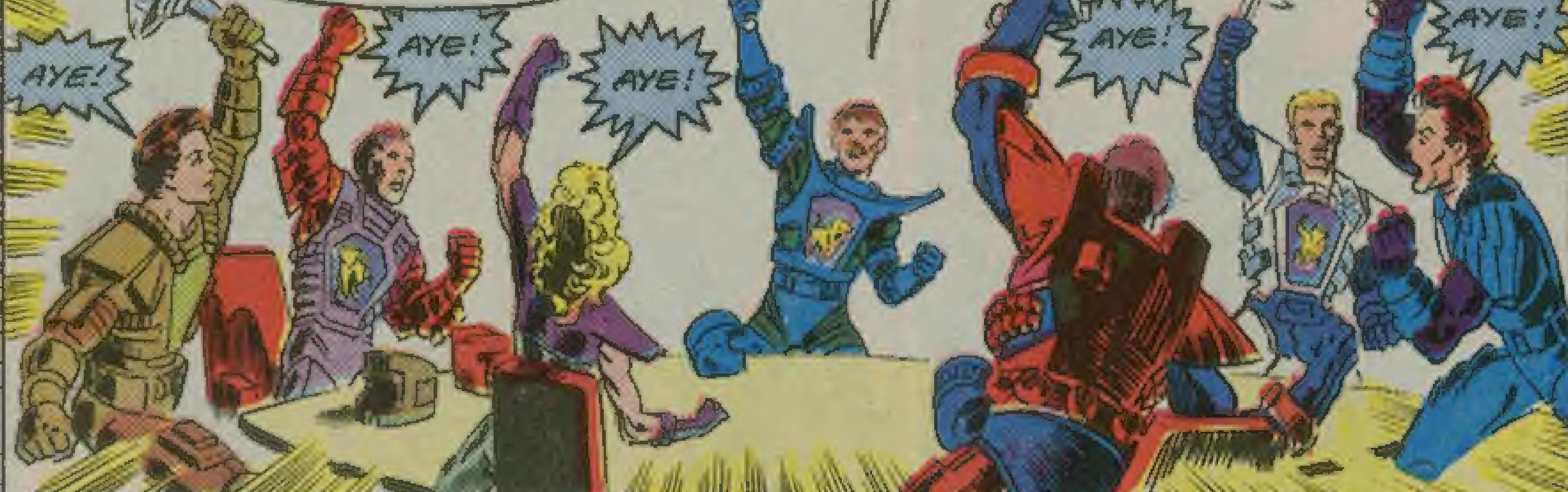
REMEMBER WHAT MERKLYN SAID-- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO USE OUR MAGIC TO REBUILD THE WORLD, NOT FIGHT A WAR.

MAYBE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THE WAR FIRST, ARZON.

WHAT-EVER HAPPENS, I AGREE WITH LEORIC--WE MUST STAND TOGETHER!

THEN LET US TAKE AN OATH-- TO STAND AS ONE, TO STRIVE AS ONE, UNTIL OUR DESTINED WORK IS DONE!

LET THOSE WHO AGREE SAY AYE!



ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN THE DARK DOMAIN OF THE LORD KNOWN AS DARKSTORM...

I RESENT THE IMPLICATION THAT SOMEHOW THE THREE OF US ARE LESS THAN THE REST OF YOU-- JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE STAFFS AND WE DON'T.

MORTDRED, MAY BE USELESS, BUT I'M A SPY OF THE FIRST ORDER WITH OR WITHOUT A STAFF!

EH? REEKON, HOW DARE YOU--

BE QUIET, MORTDRED, AND DON'T ARGUE. WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE A SPINELESS WORM.

REEKON SPEAKS FOR ME AS WELL. EVEN WITHOUT A STAFF, I'M MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY MAN!

THANK YOU, VIRULINA. NOW AS I WAS SAYING--

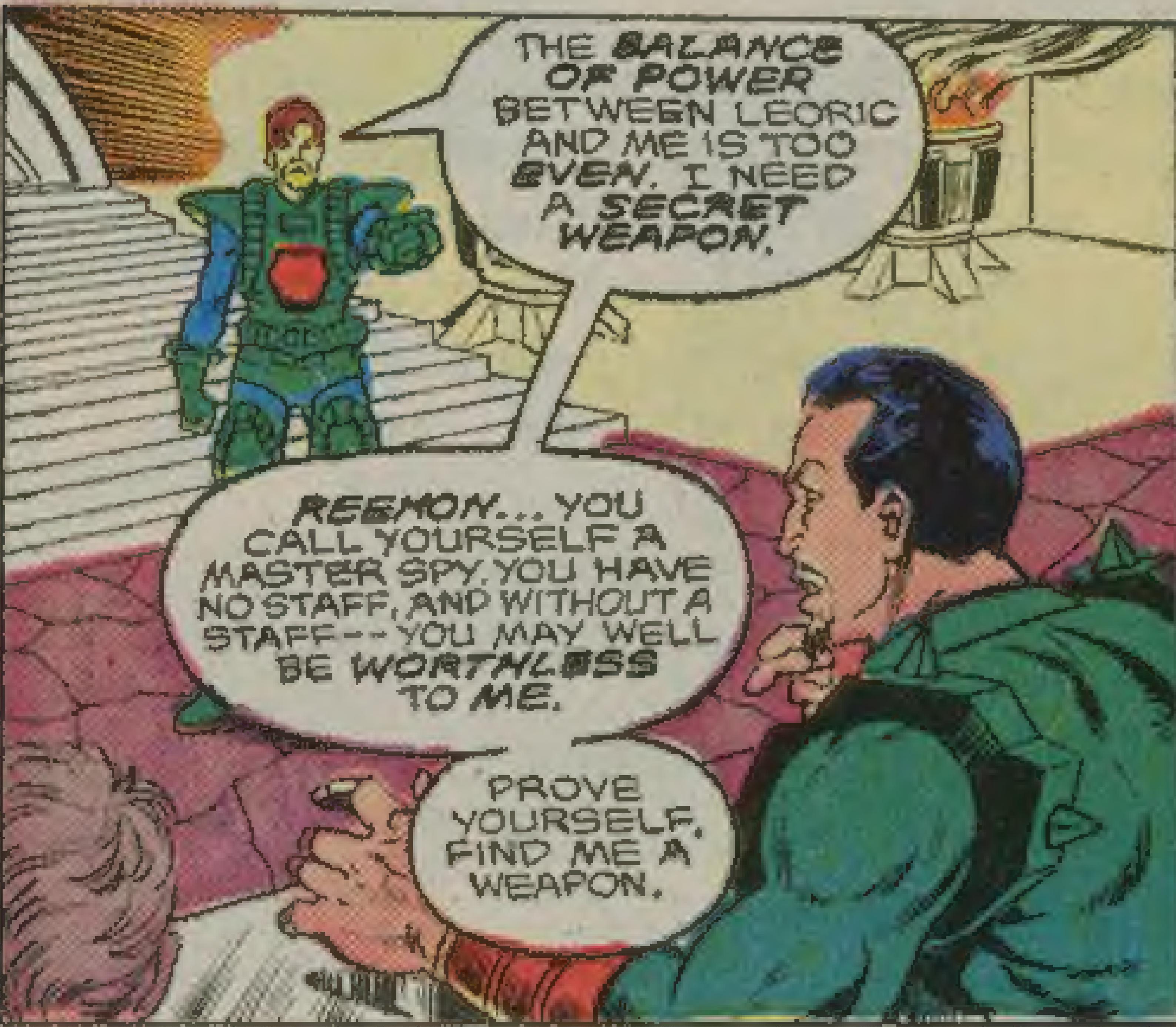


I AM LEADER HERE.

I WILL DECIDE OUR PRIORITIES.

THEN DECIDE. TELL US WHEN TO ATTACK.

WHEN I'M READY-- AND I THAT'S WHEN WE'LL BE READY UNTIL I KNOW THE NATURE OF LEORIC'S DEFENSES... AND WHATEVER PLANS HE MAY BE HATCHING IN THAT CITADEL OF HIS.



THE BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN LEORIC AND ME IS TOO EVEN. I NEED A SECRET WEAPON.

REEMON... YOU CALL YOURSELF A MASTER SPY. YOU HAVE NO STAFF, AND WITHOUT A STAFF-- YOU MAY WELL BE WORTHLESS TO ME.

PROVE YOURSELF. FIND ME A WEAPON.

THEN, WITH A NEW WEAPON IN HAND, I WILL CRUSH LEORIC'S CITADEL... GRIND THE STONES BENEATH MY FEET... AND MARCH OVER HIS BONES TO VICTORY!



ONCE THIS WAS A FLOURISHING COMMUNITY, A HUB OF COMMERCE DURING THE DAYS OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY; NOW IT IS LITTLE MORE THAN A SLUM IN THE SHADOW OF DARKSTORM'S CASTLE, AND THE AIR IS THICK WITH DESPERATION.

BUT FOR REEKON AND MORTORED, WHO THRIVE ON THE DESPAIR OF OTHERS, THE AIR IS SWEETER THAN THE MOST PIQUANT PERFUME...

I TELL YOU, MORTORED, IT'S HUMILIATING.

JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE NO STAFFS, DARKSTORM SENDS US ON THE LOWEST OF MISSIONS-- TO GET HIS ARMOR CLEANED BY SOME THIRD-RATE BLACKSMITH.

I THINK IT'S A PRIVILEGE, REEKON.

WHAT?

ANY MISSION FOR MY LORD DARKSTORM IS AN HONOR OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, AND THIS MAN HARKON IS NO SIMPLE BLACKSMITH.

BEFORE THE AGE OF MAGIC BEGAN, HE WAS A BRILLIANT ENGINEER--A SCIENTIST.

SO WHAT?

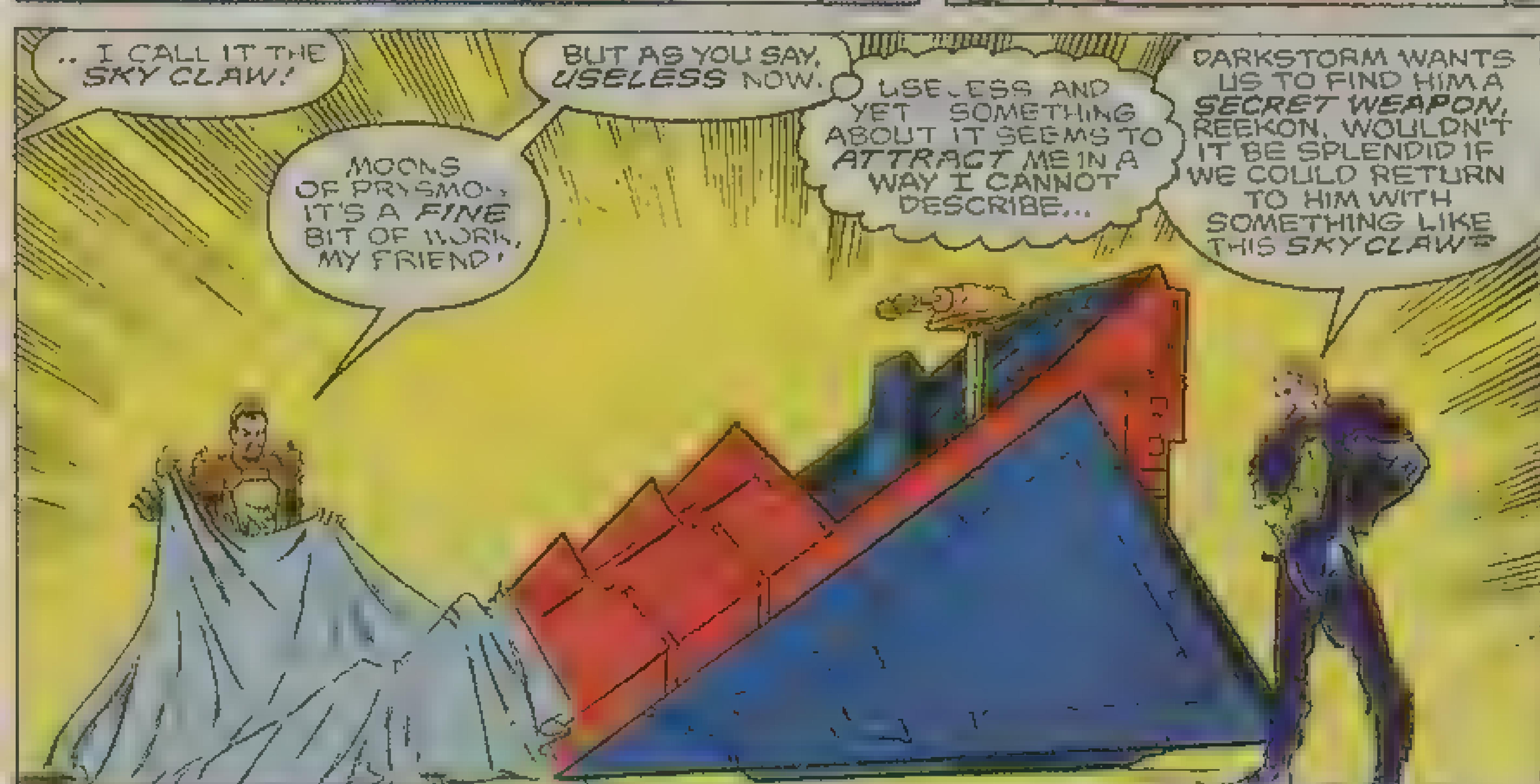
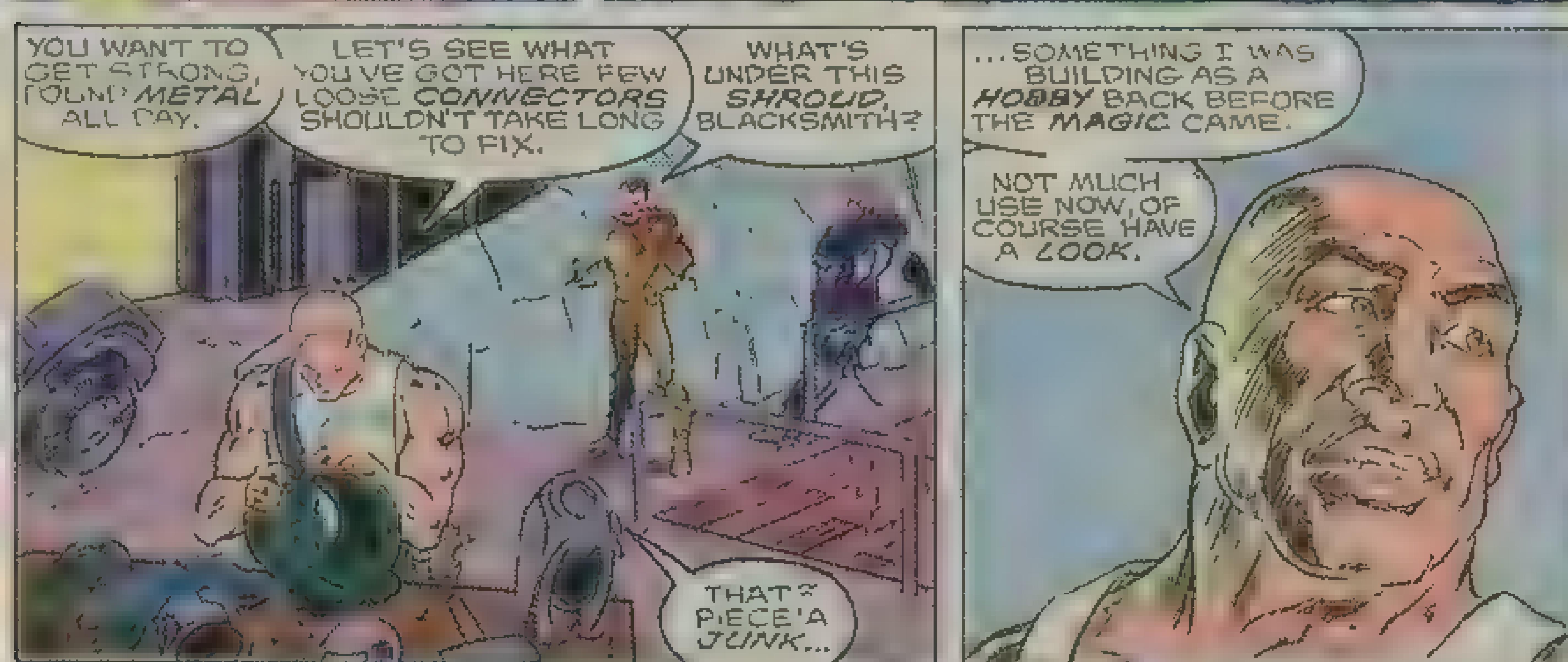
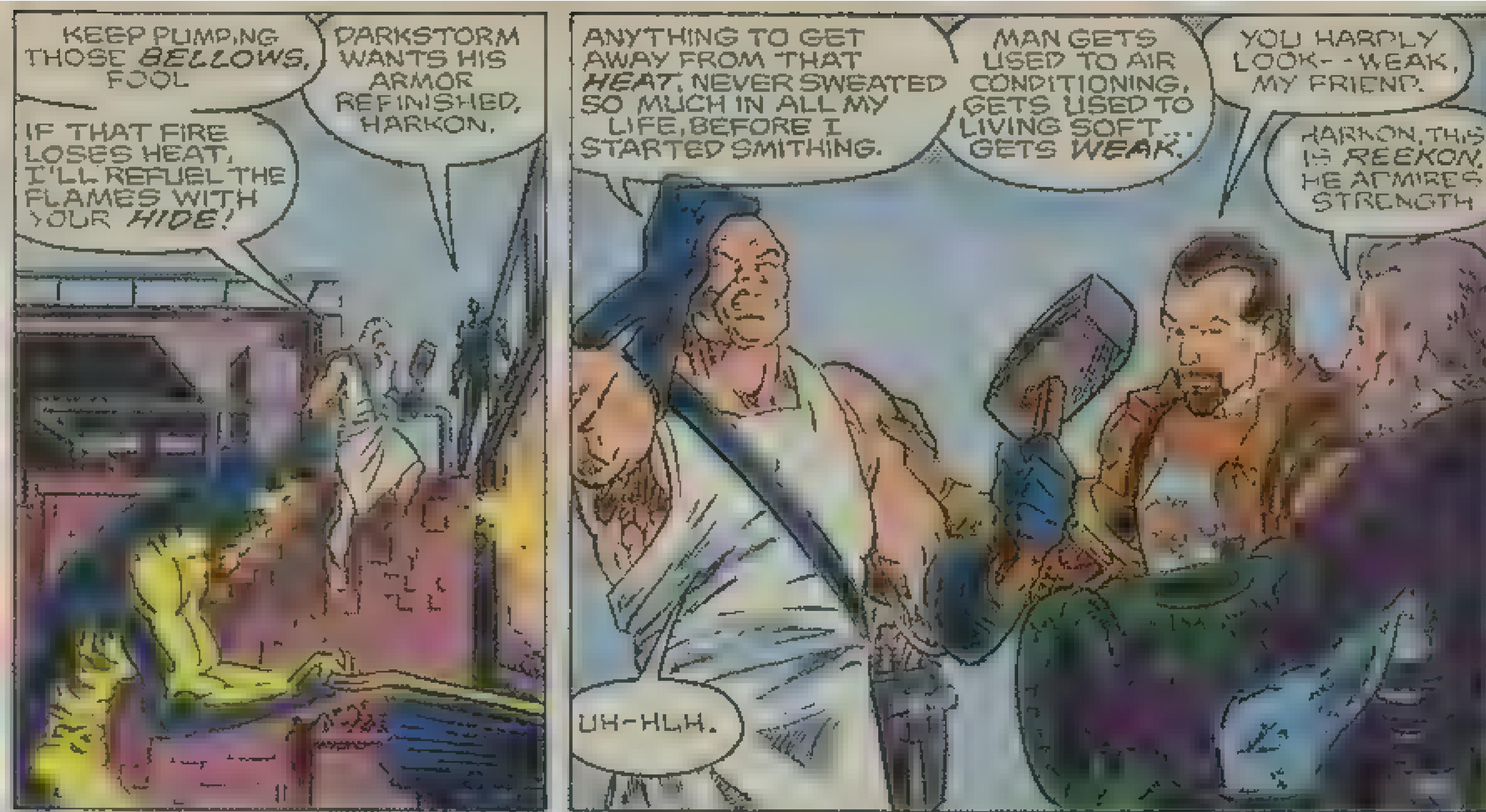
WHAT GOOD IS A SCIENTIST IN A WORLD OF MAGIC? ABOUT AS MUCH USE AS AN EXTRA NOSE.

IT'S A NEW AGE, MORTORED, AND THE OLD SKILLS DON'T MUCH MATTER ANY MORE. JUDGE A MAN BY HIS STRENGTH, NOT HIS BRAINS, THAT'S WHAT I SAY...

BRILLIANT OR NOT, HE'S JUST ANOTHER BLACKSMITH NOW.

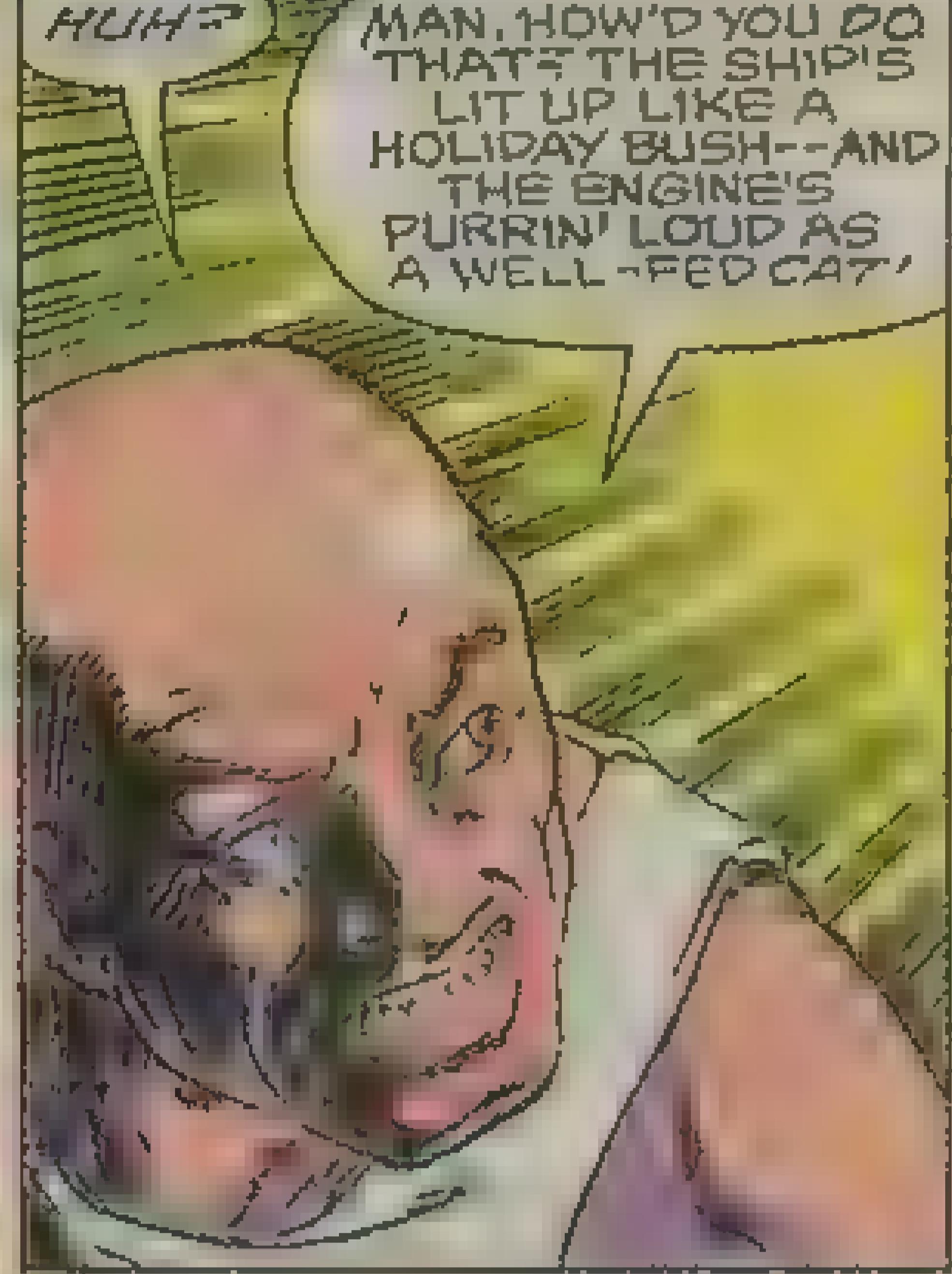
EH? WHAT 'IS THIS PLACE...?

HARKON'S BLACKSMITH SHOP, REEKON.



SPLENDID
PERHAPS, BUT
A FANTASY.
SINCE MAGIC
RETURNED TO
THE WORLD,
NOTHING
ELECTRICAL
WORKS

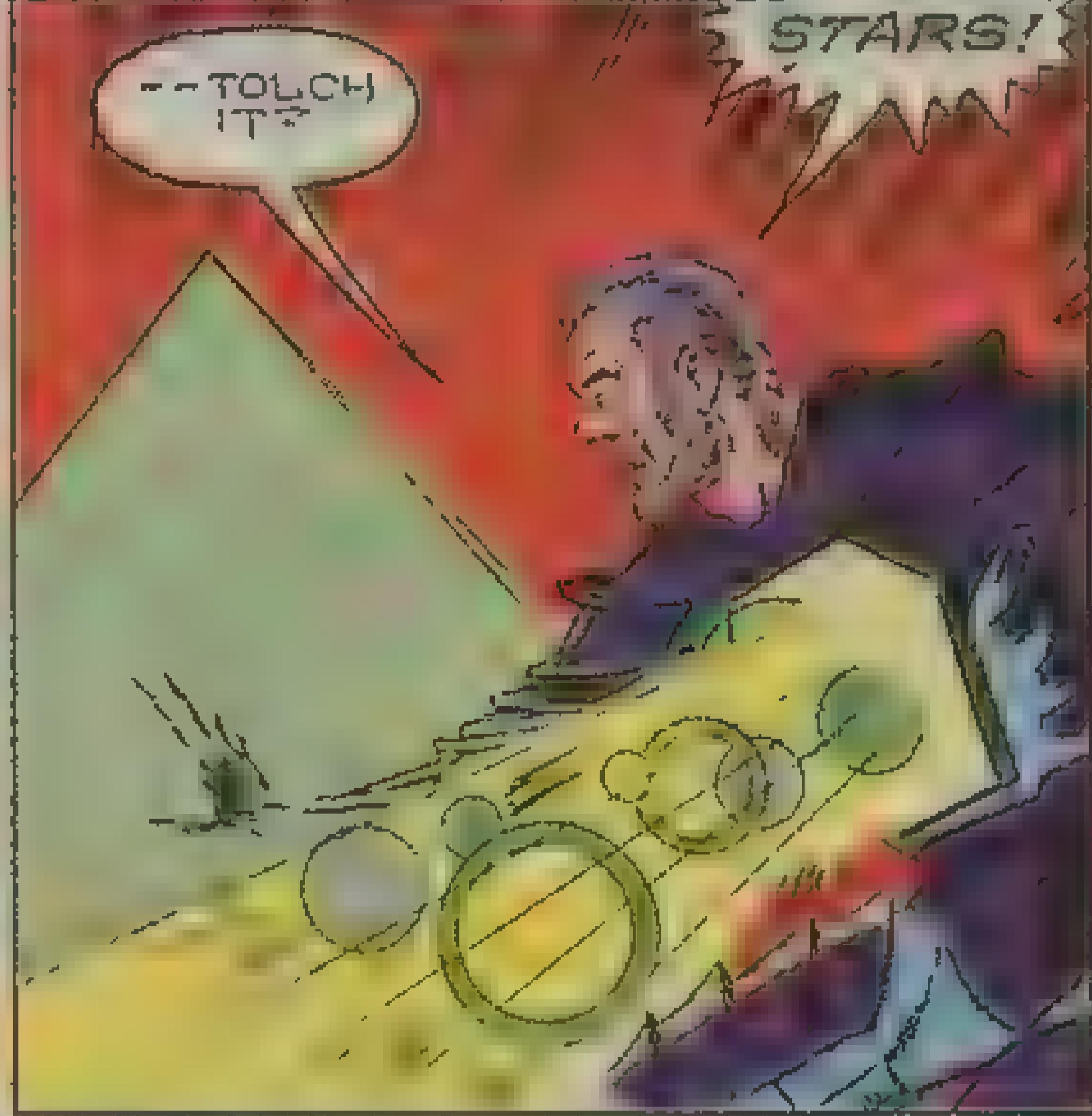
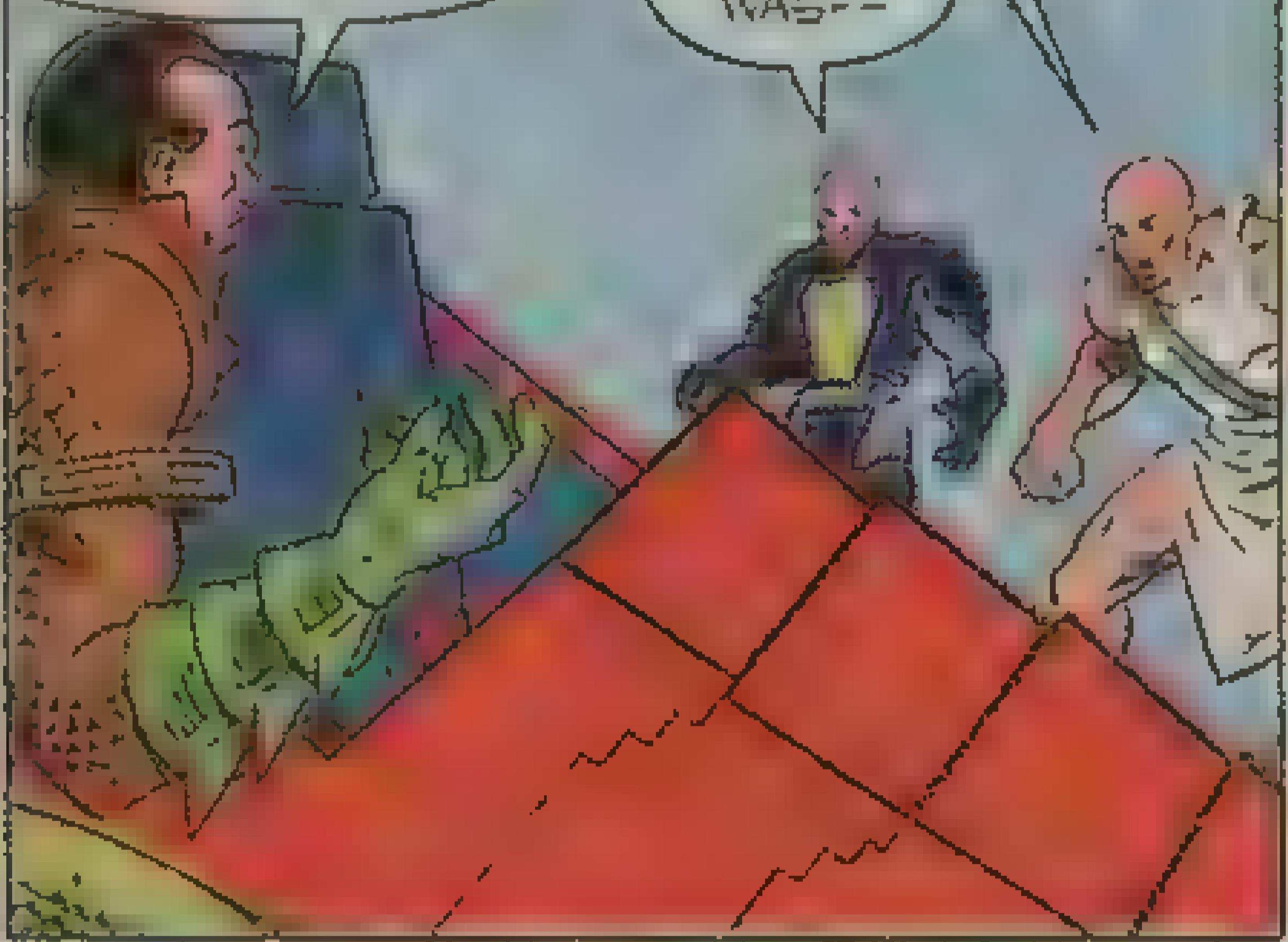
HARKON
IS RIGHT.
COUGLY
AS THIS IS,
IT'S NOTHING
BUT A
PIECE OF--



ALL I DID WAS
TOUCH IT. IT FELT
AS IF MY HAND
WERE ON FIRE
SOMEHOW, AND THE
FIRE PASSED FROM
ME INTO THE SHIP...

FANTASTIC! I HAVEN'T
HEARD THE HUM OF
SERVOS AND TURBINES
IN YEARS!

AND ALL
YOU DID
WAS--



MORTORED, LOOK,
THE SYMBOL FROM
YOUR CHEST PLATE--
IT'S TRANSFERRED
TO THE WINGS OF
THIS SHIP!

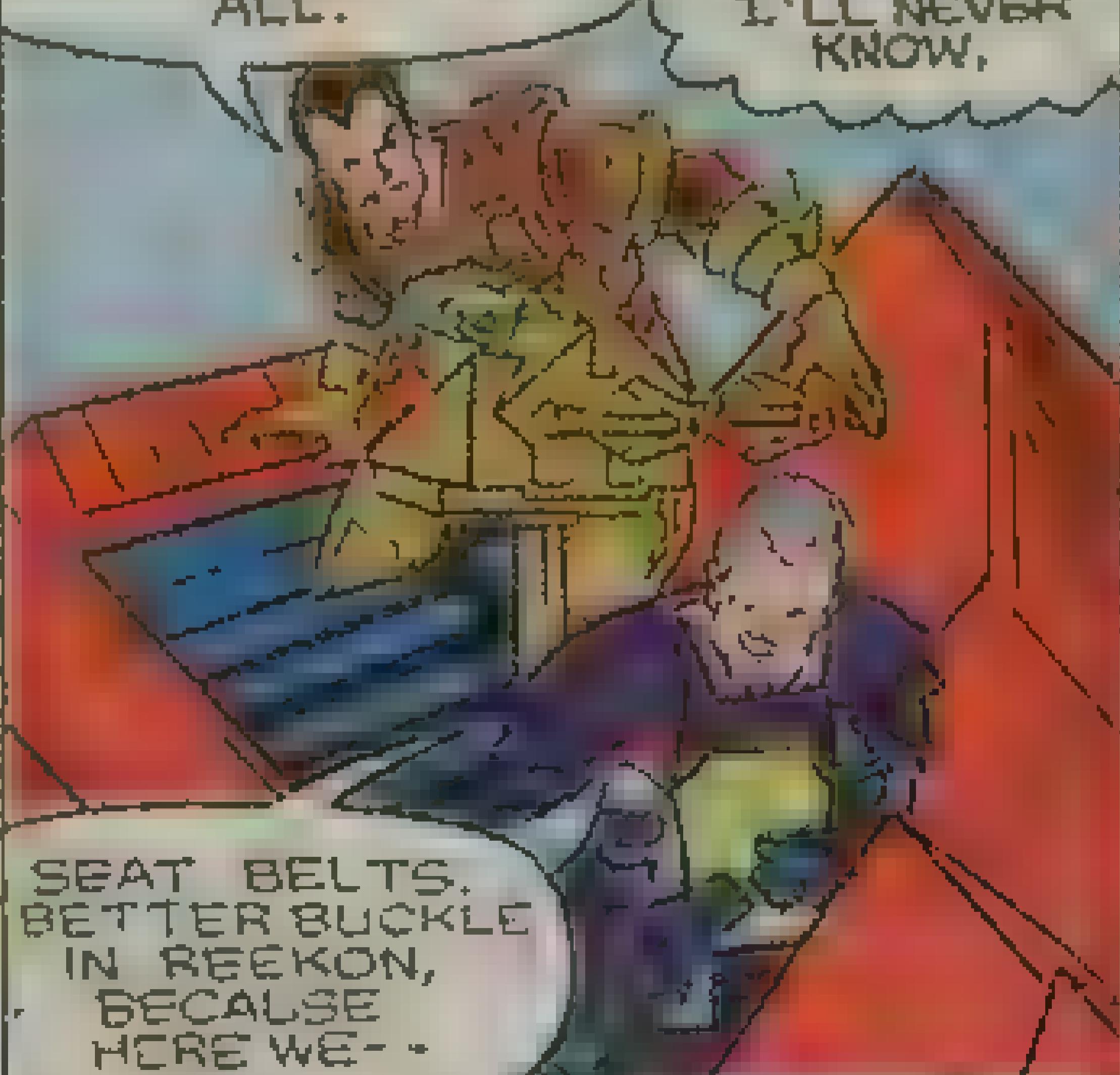
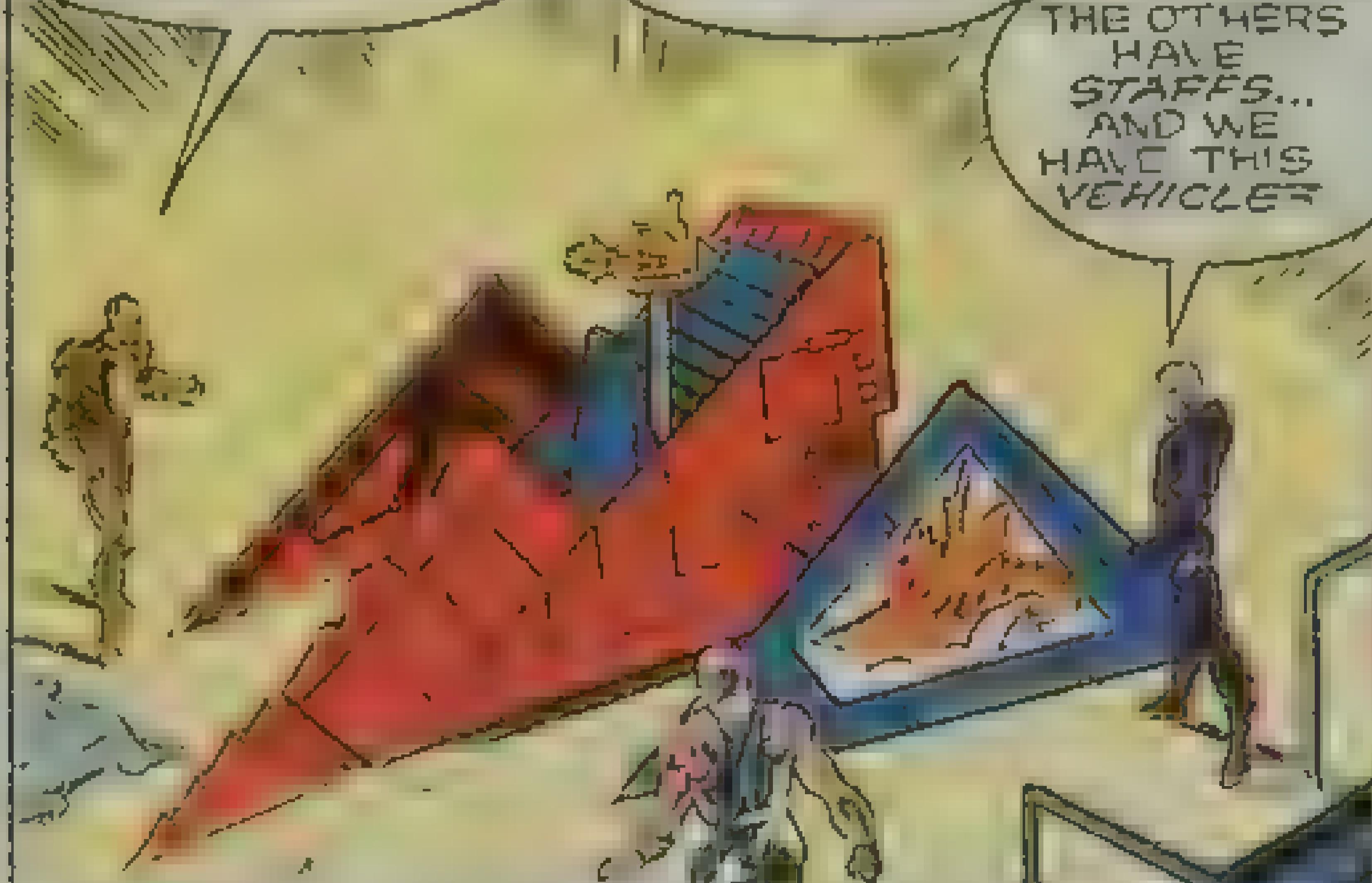
AND LISTEN--
THOUGH NEITHER
OF US IS TOUCHING
IT, THE CRAFT IS
STILL HUMMING
WITH LIFE!

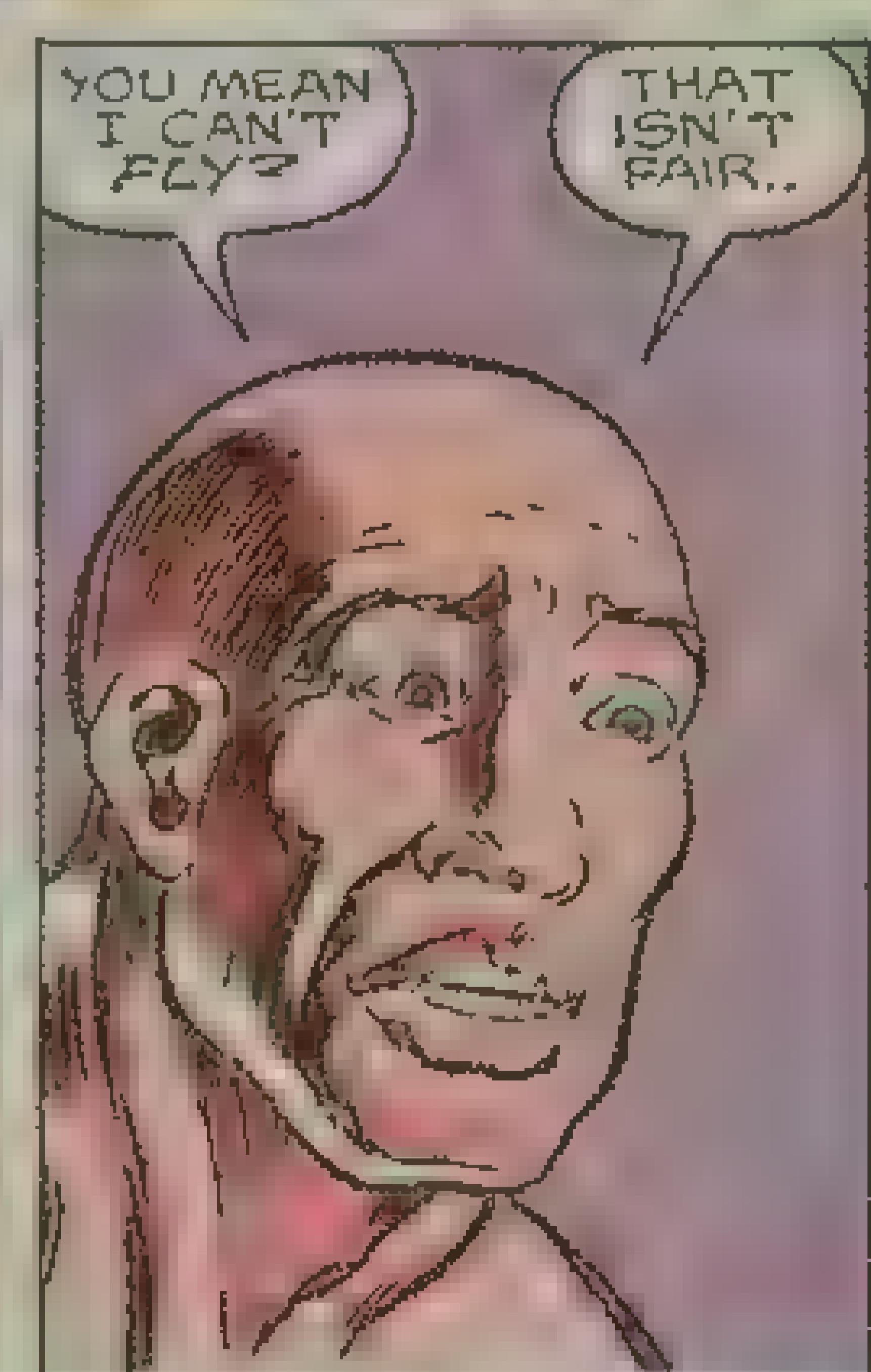
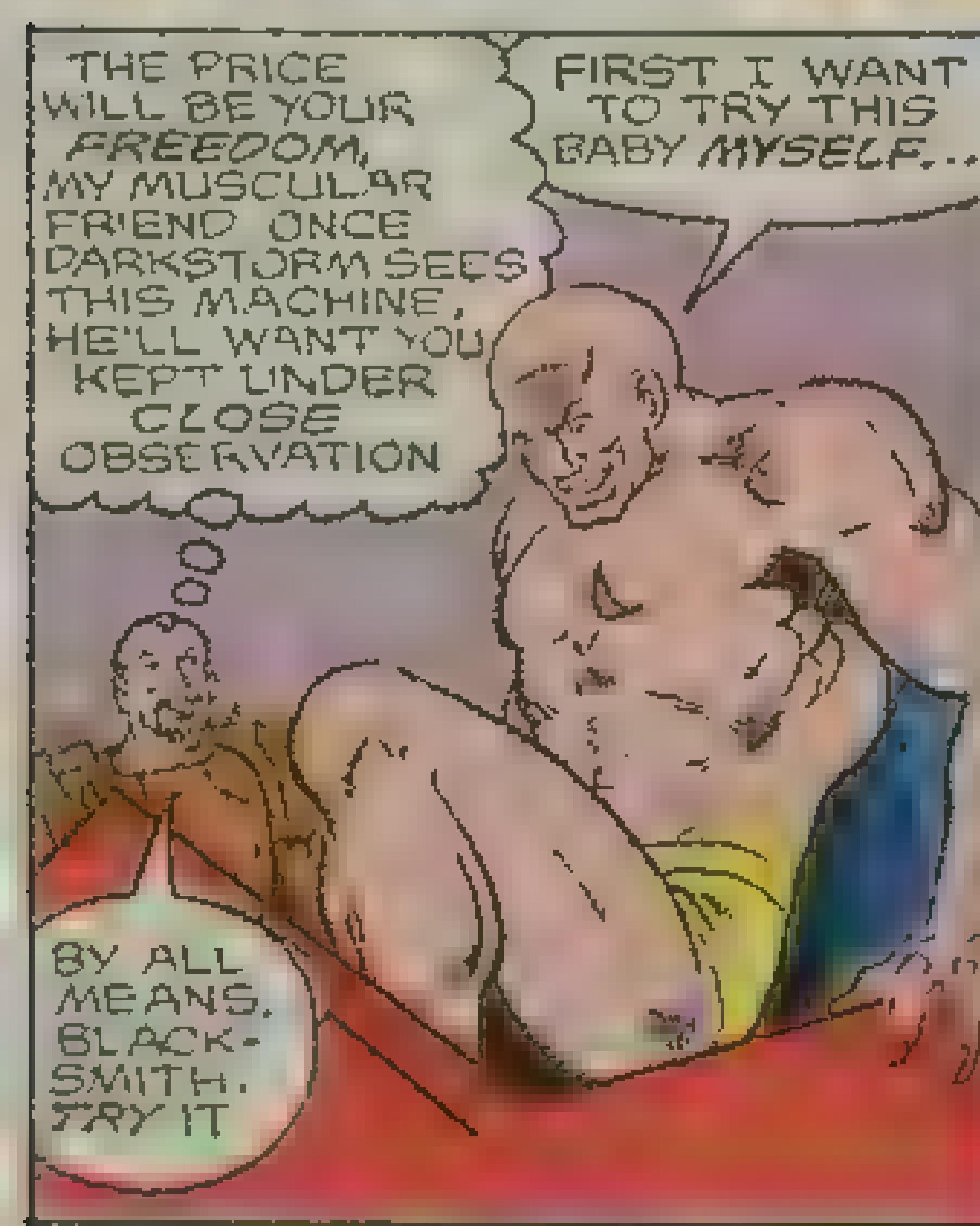
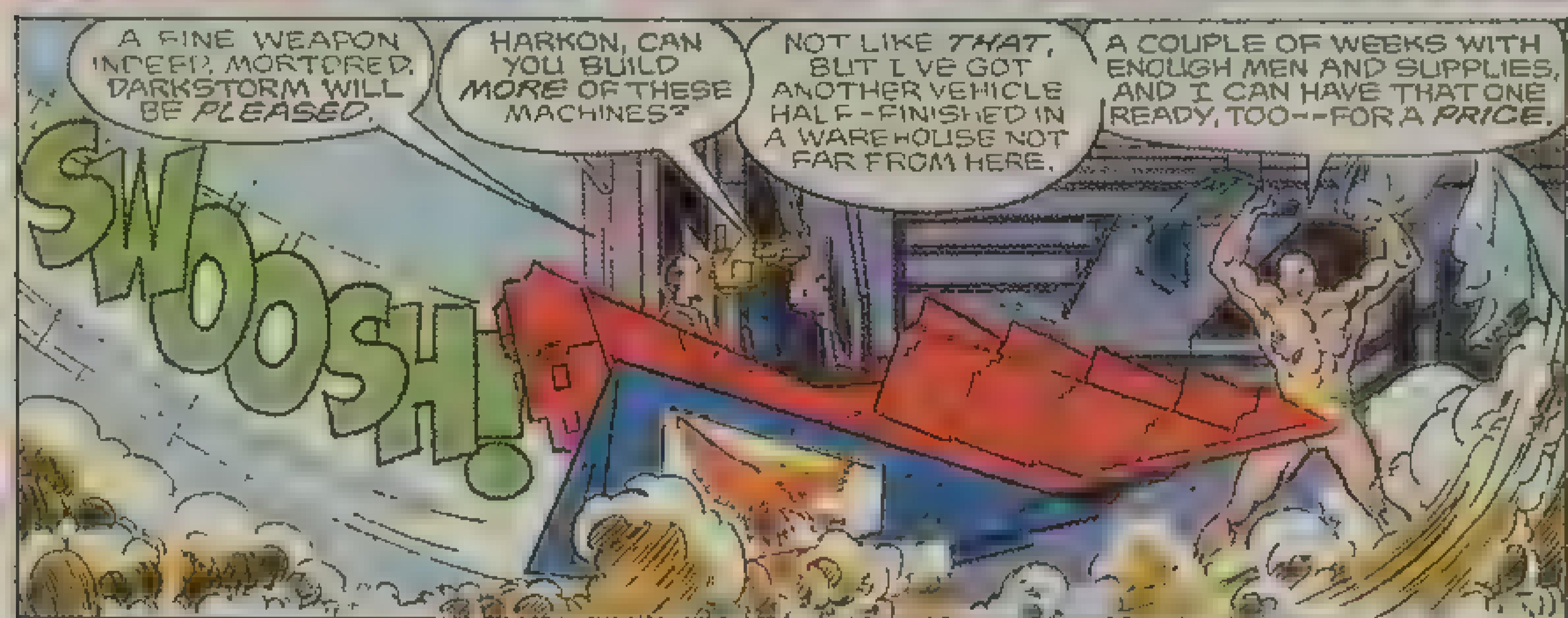
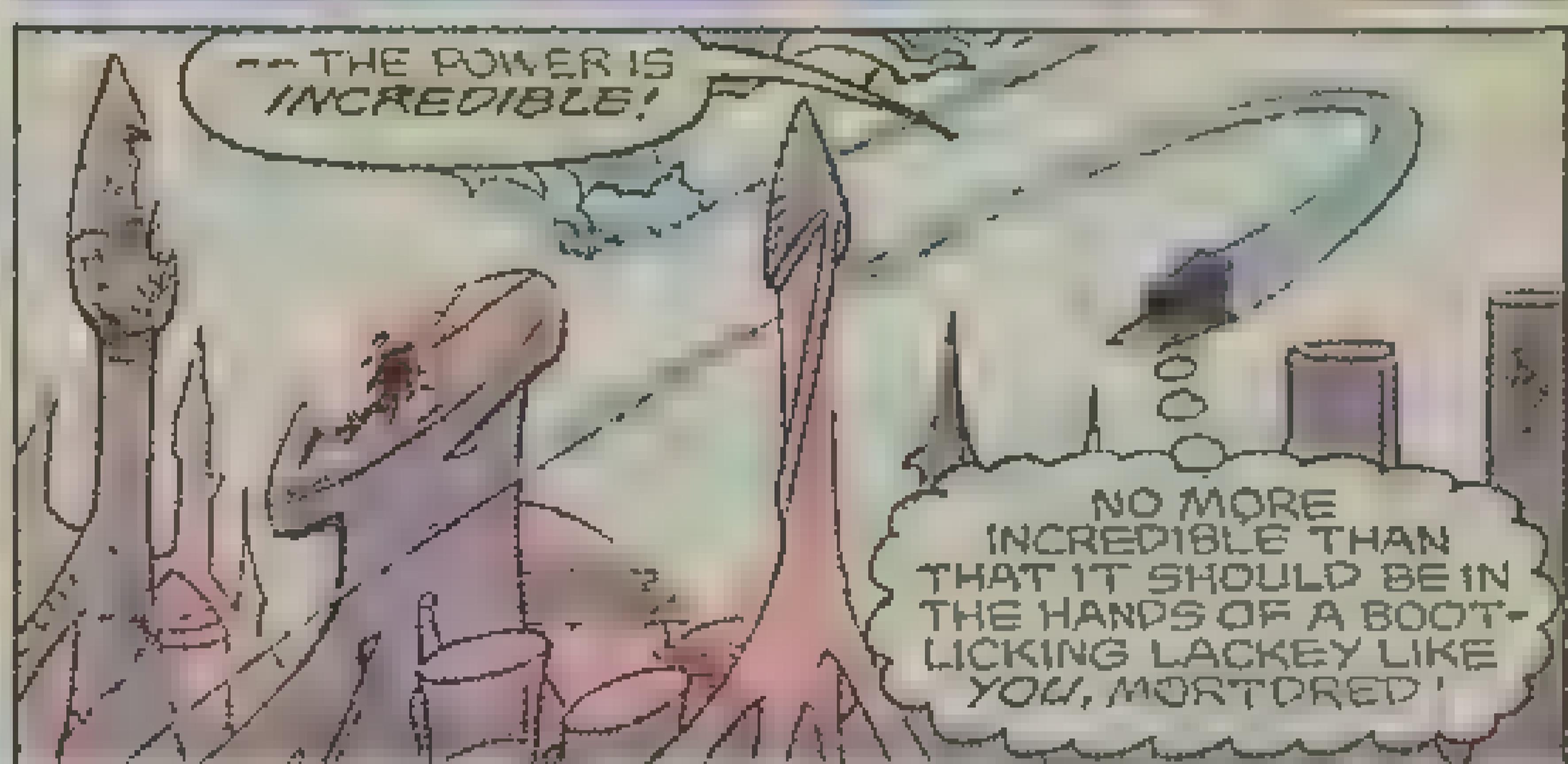
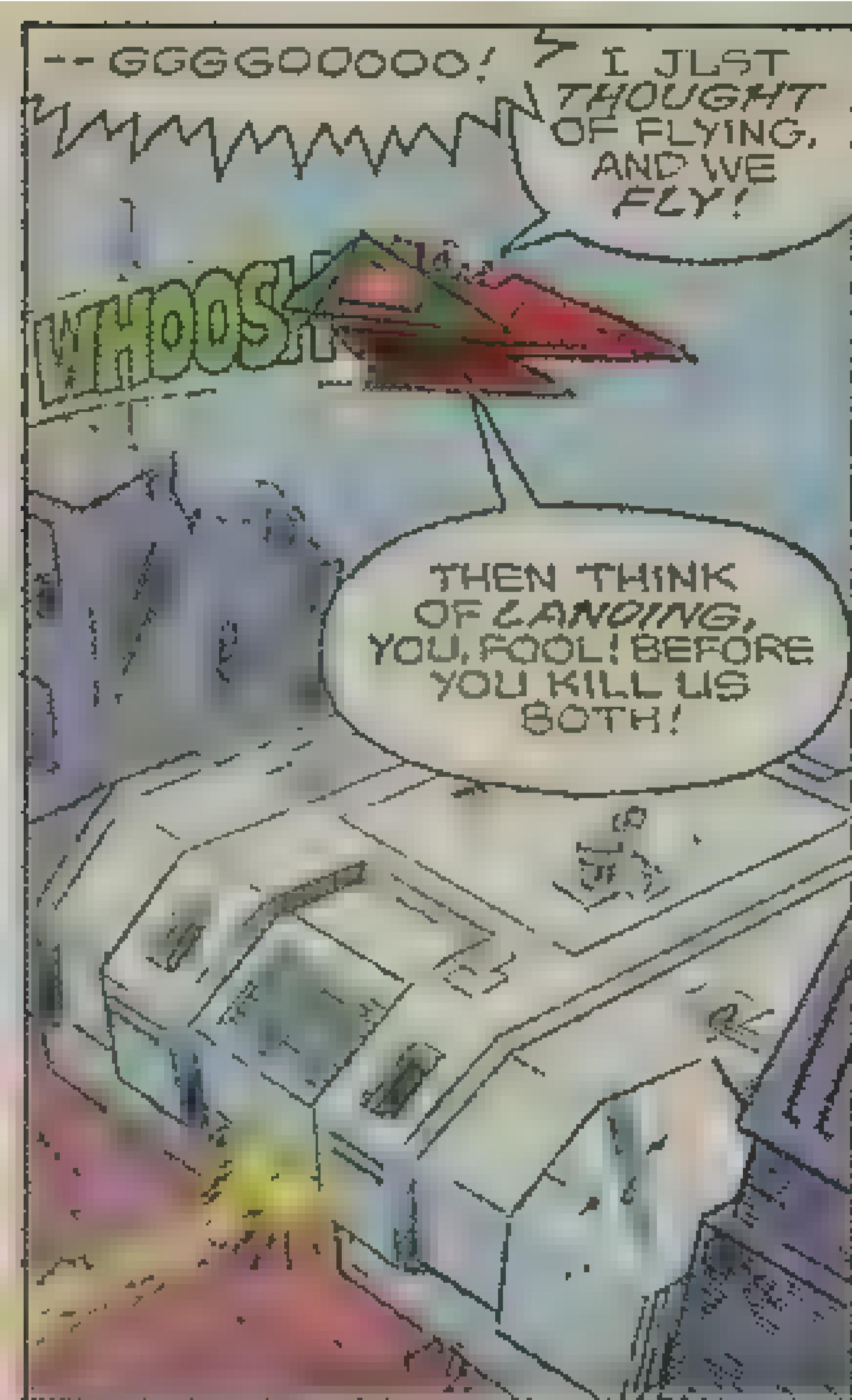
REEKON,
COULD
THIS BE
OUR
POWER?

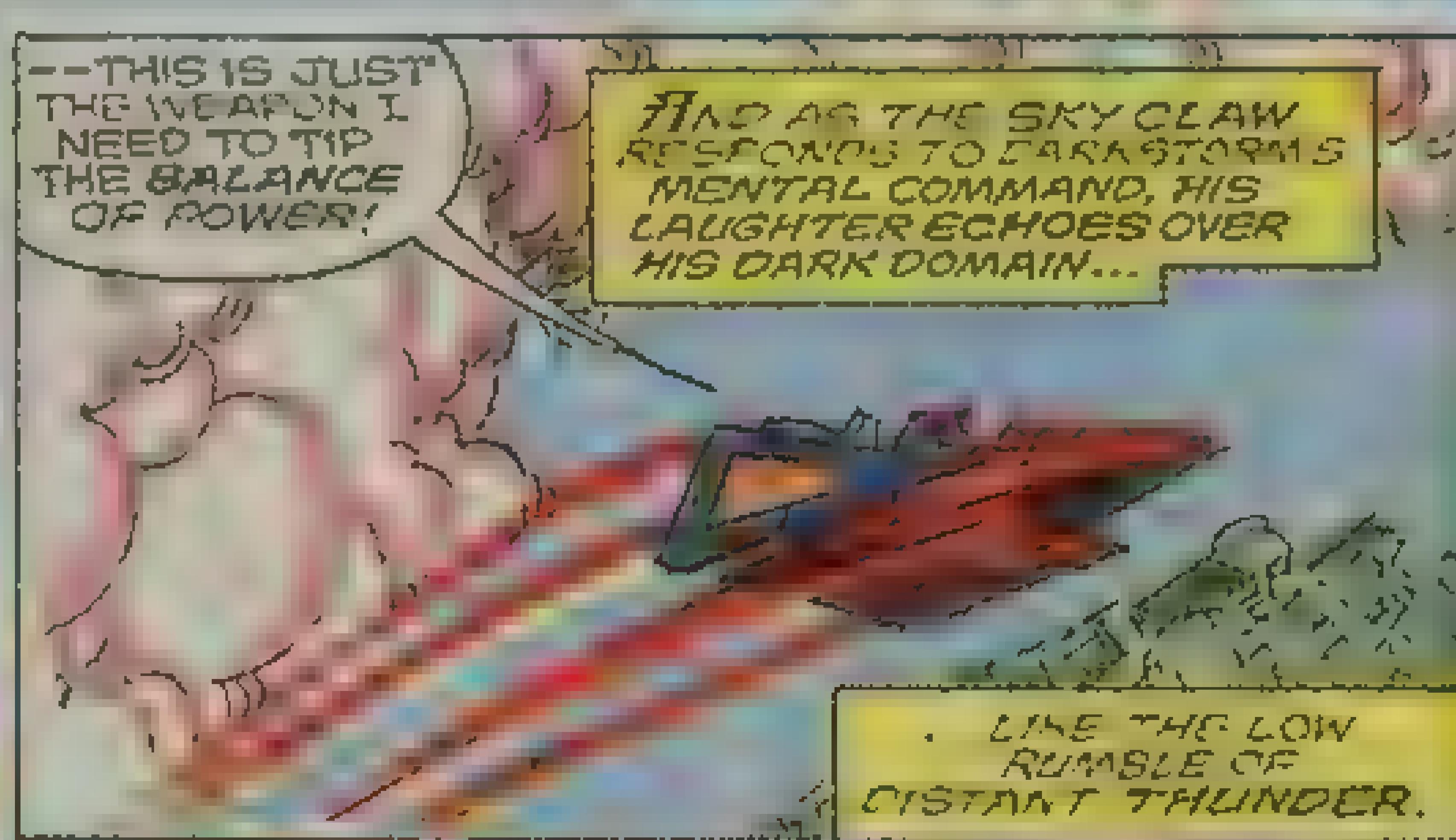
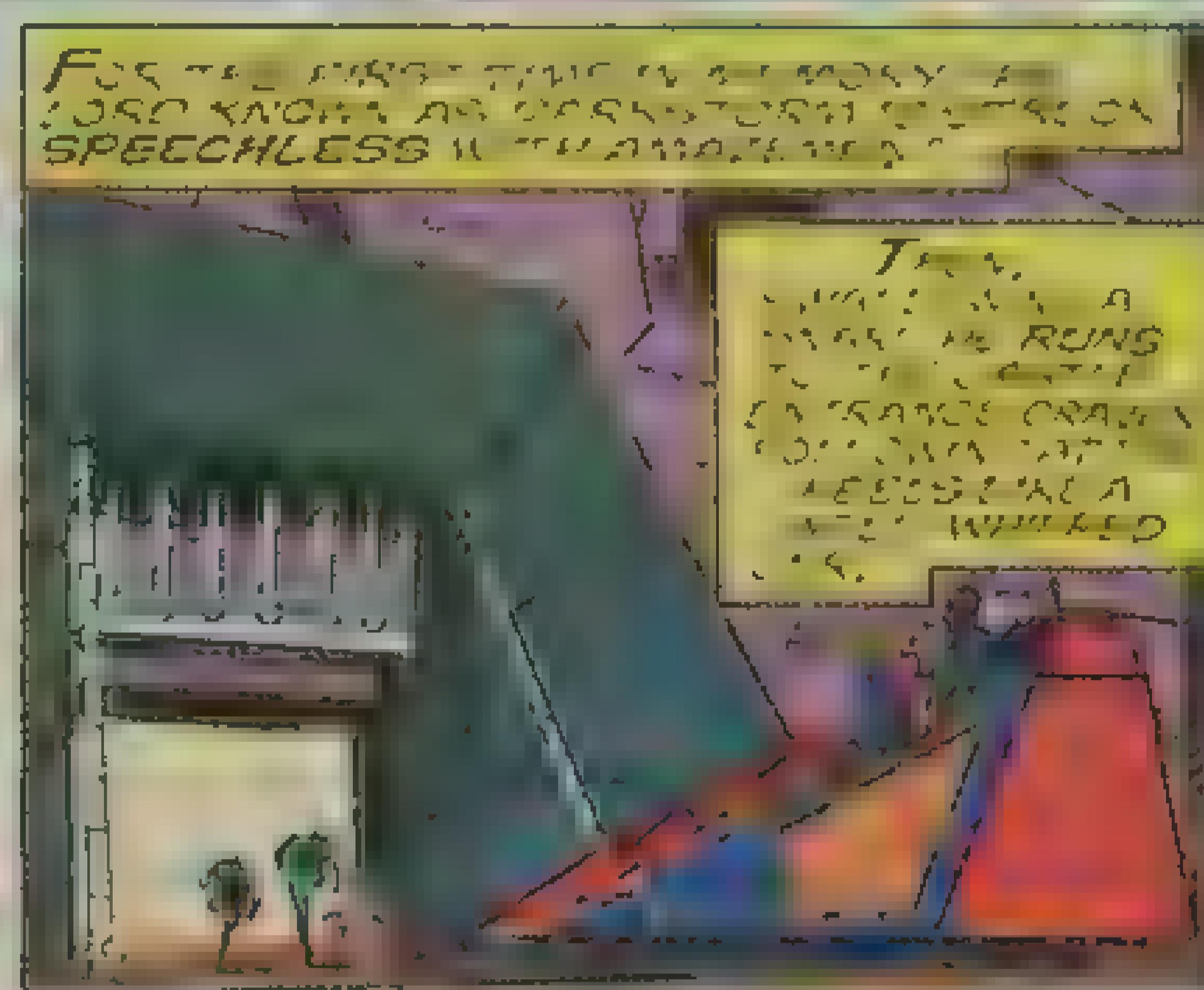
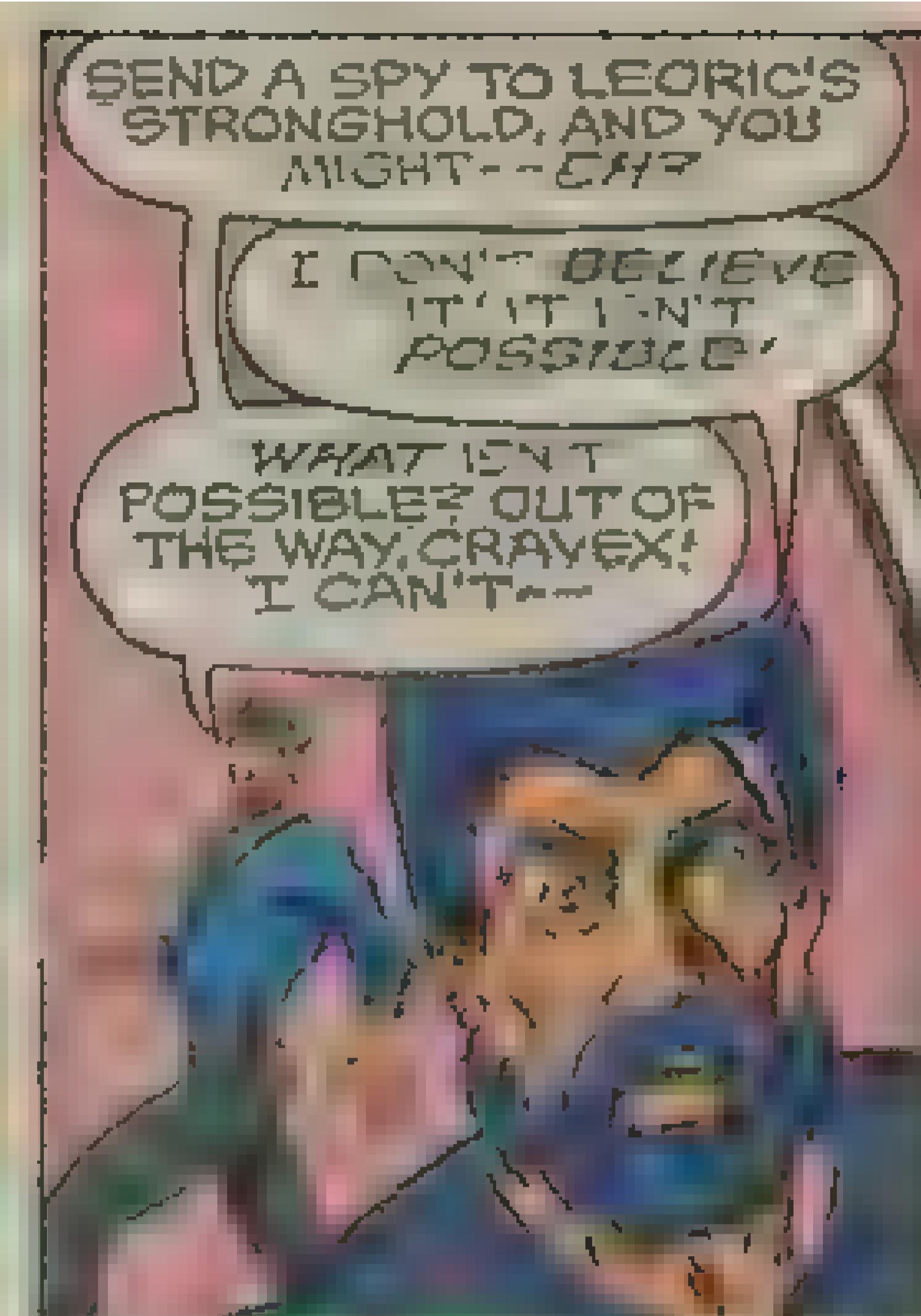
THE OTHERS
HAVE
STAFFS...
AND WE
HAVE THIS
VEHICLE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND OUT,
MORTORED. TAKE THE
PILOT'S POSITION.
THE CRAFT WEARS
YOUR SYMBOL AFTER
ALL.

THOUGH WHY
A WORM
LIKE YOU
SHOULD
HAVE SUCH
FORTUNE,
I'LL NEVER
KNOW.







THAT NIGHT, AS THE DARKLING LORDS GATHER FOR A CELEBRATORY SUPPER IN THE CASTLE HALL, ALL THOUGHTS TURN TO THE FUTURE... AND EACH HEART THROBS WITH A CRAVING FOR POWER...

THINK OF IT,
LORD
DARKSTORM!

ARMADA OF SUCH VEHICLES IN OUR CONTROL--BUILT BY HARKON AND OTHER SLAVES--THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T ACCOMPLISH!

MUNCH! DON'T FORGET AN ARMADA. USE SKY CLAW NOW. SNEAK INTO LERIC'S CASTLE. SMASH THEM ALL.

WOULD THAT BE WISE? AFTER ALL, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT POWERS THEY HAVE... WHAT DEFENSES PROTECT THEM.

WE SHOULDN'T RUSH INTO ANYTHING...

ALWAYS THE CAREFUL COWARD, EH, LEXOR?

CAREFUL YES, MY LORD. COWARD? NO.

NEVER MIND. I'M NOT YET READY THIS TIME I TO STRIKE. I NEED THINK YOU INFORMATION, I NEED COUNSEL DETAILS THEN WE'LL WISELY. SMASH OUR ENEMIES TO DUST.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE DARKSTORM'S EVEN MORE RELUCTANT TO ACT NOW THAT HE'S GOT HIS SECRET WEAPON.

HE'S RIGHT TO BE CAUTIOUS...

PERHAPS TOO CAUTIOUS...

SMASH THEM, AND GRIND THEM LIKE WHEAT IN A MILL...

LISTEN TO HIM. IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE'D RATHER TALK ABOUT CRUSHING OUR FOES THAN DO IT!

IT MAKES ME WONDER...

... PERHAPS LEXOR ISN'T THE ONLY COWARD IN OUR MIDST.

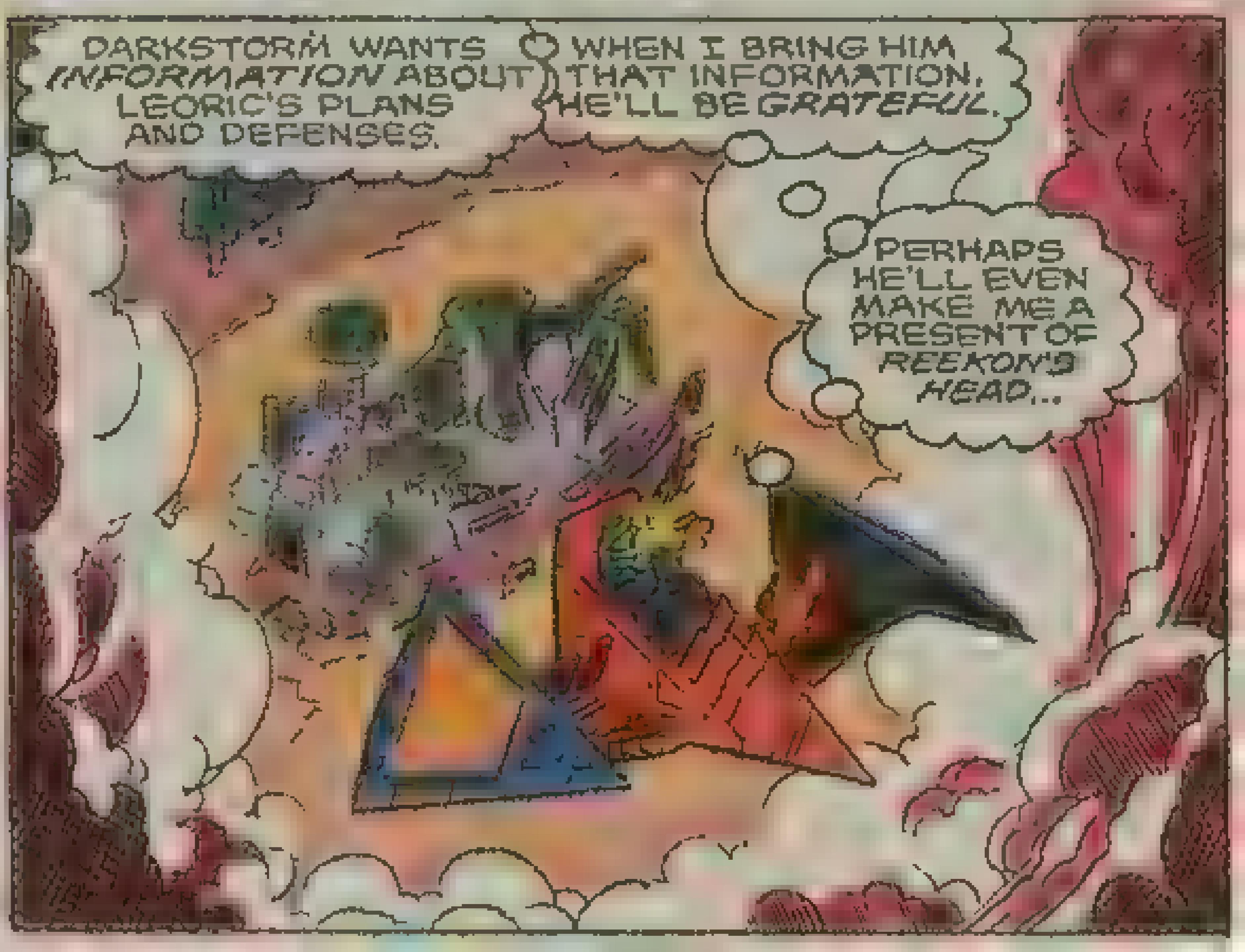
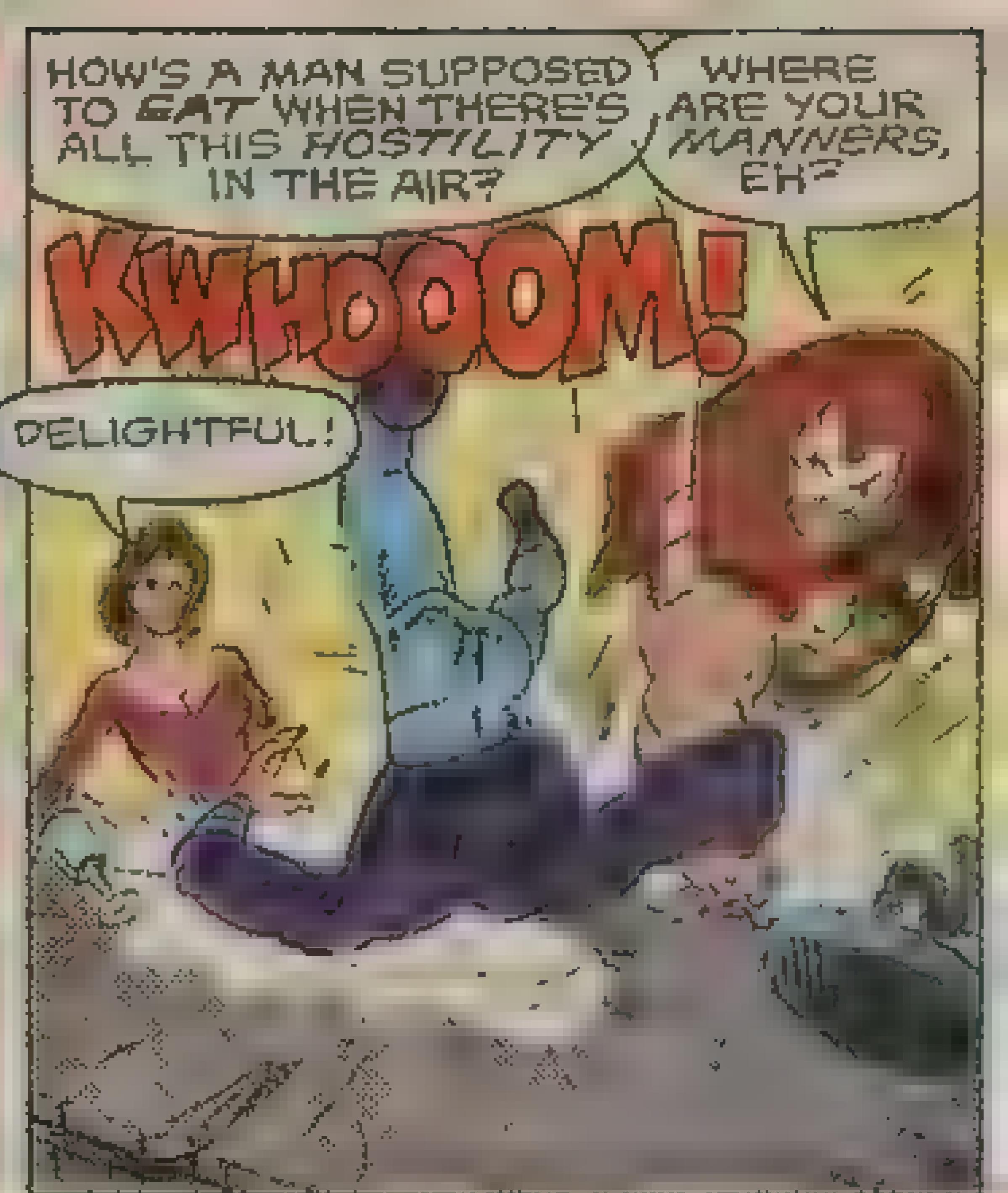
HOW DARE YOU?

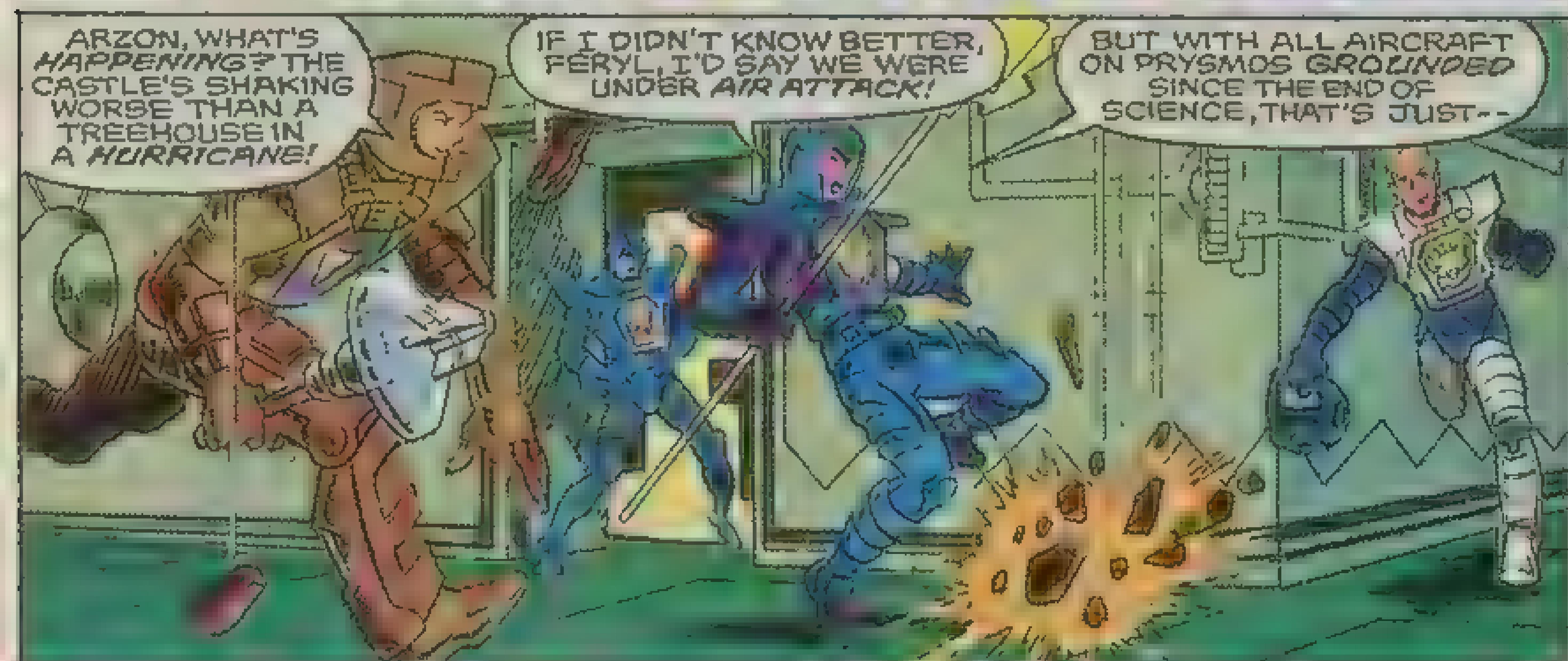
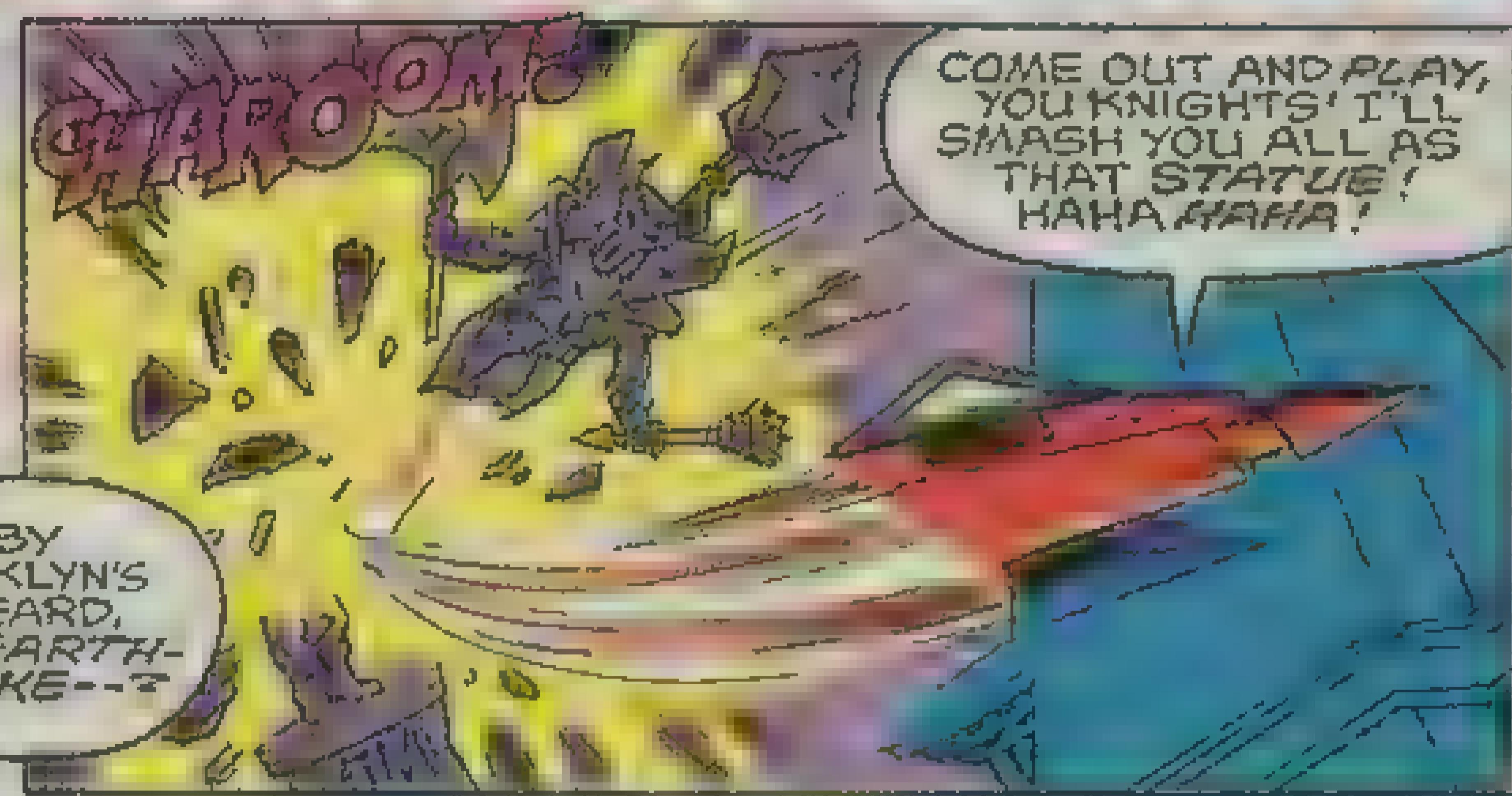
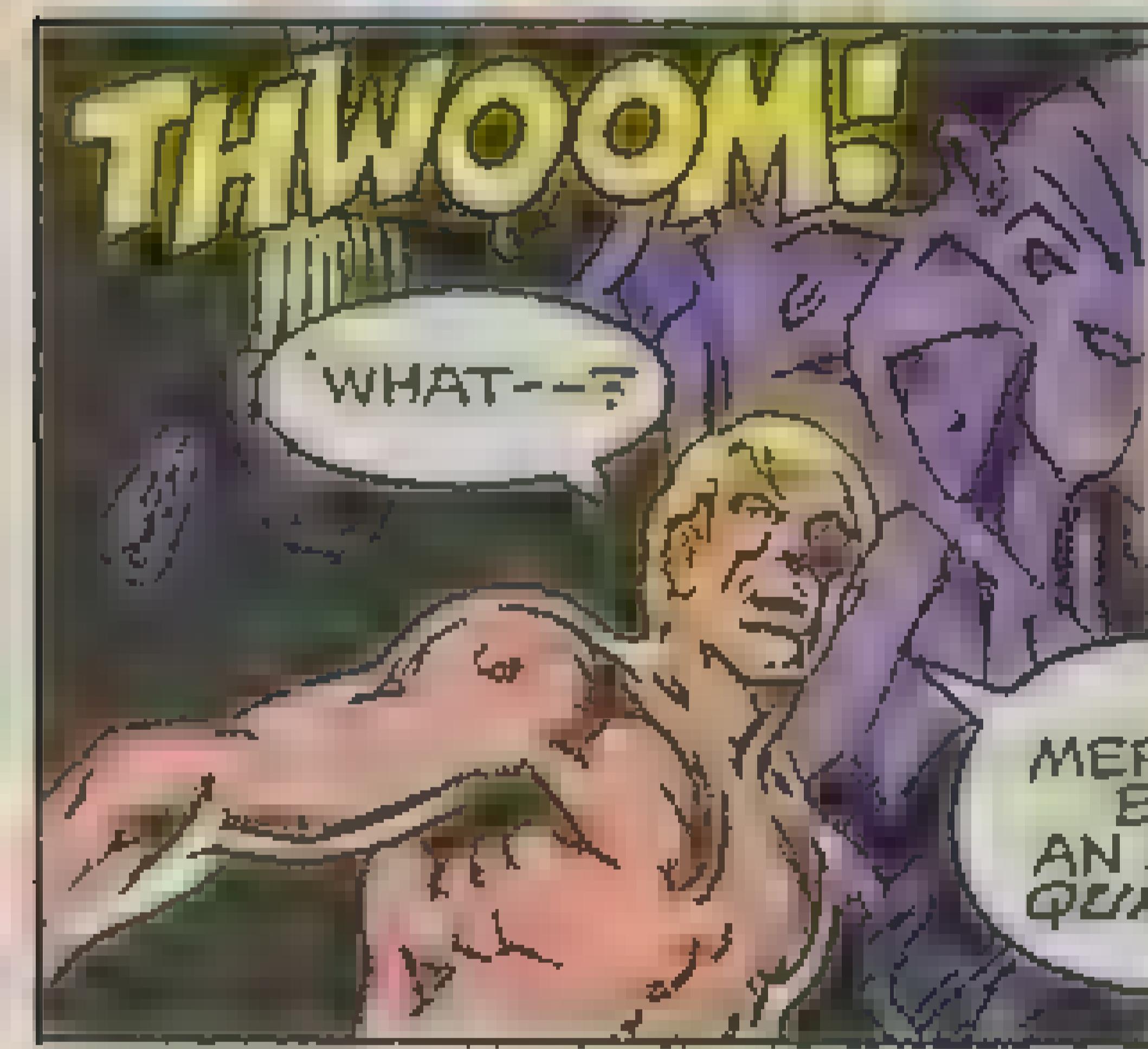
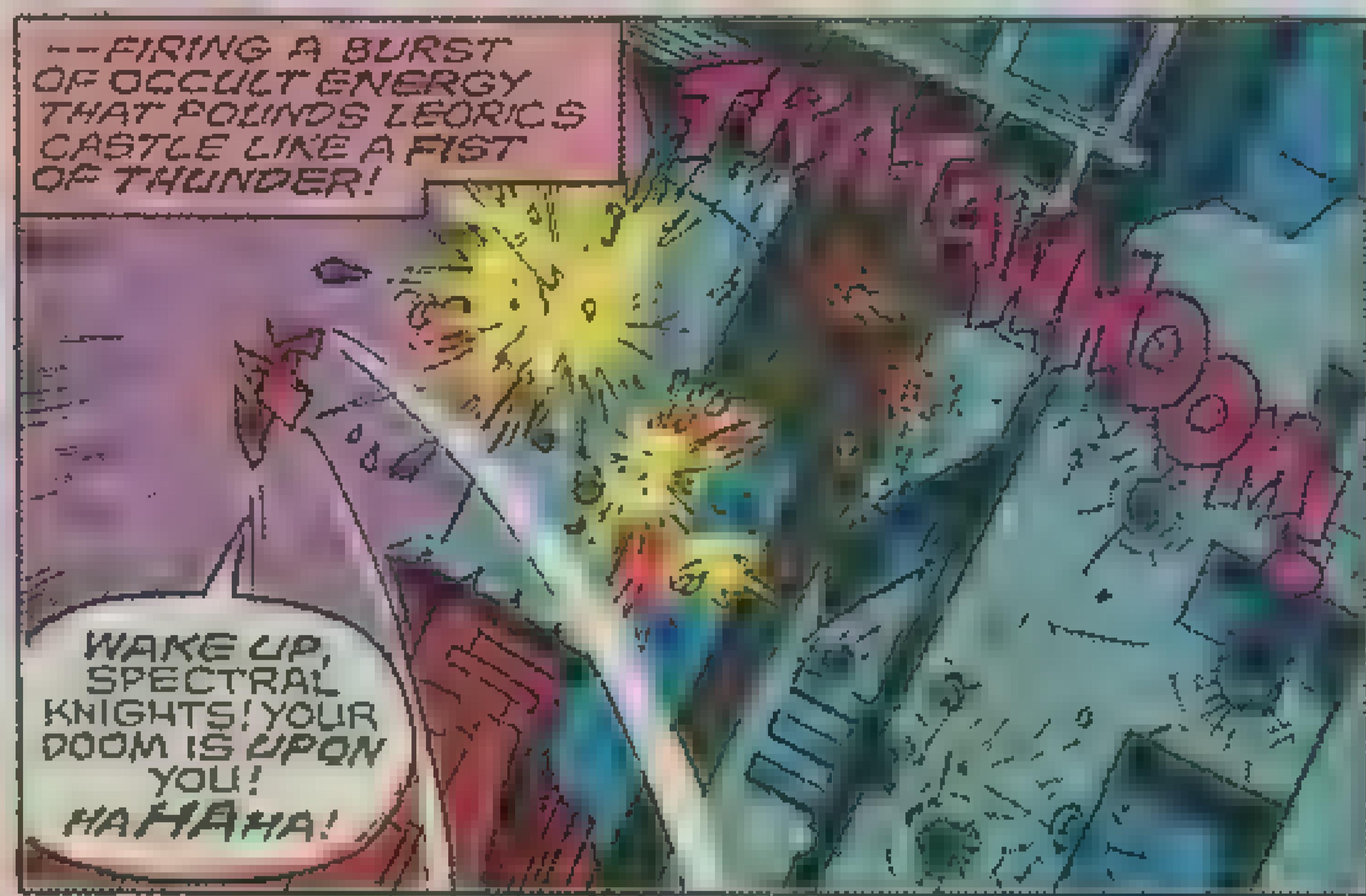
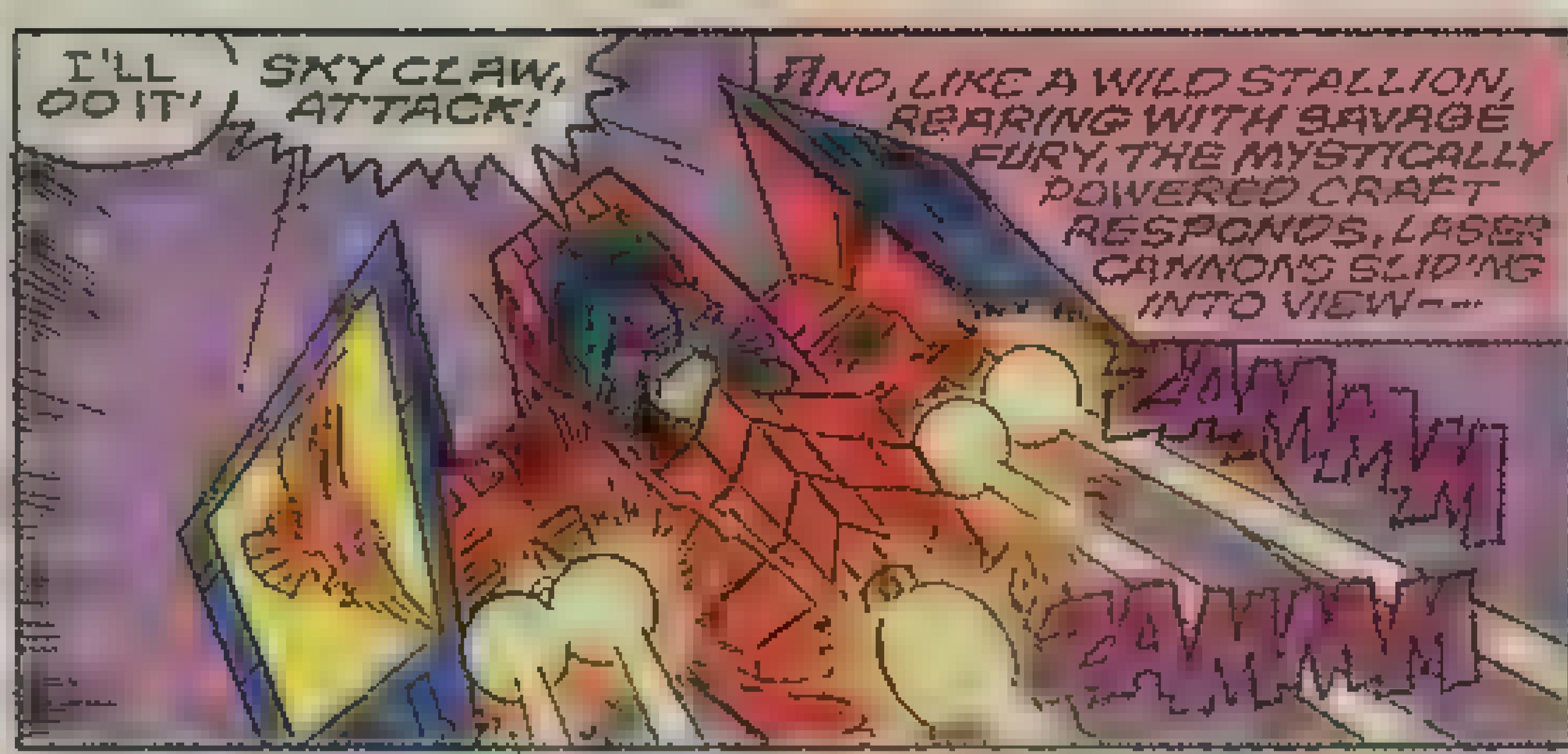
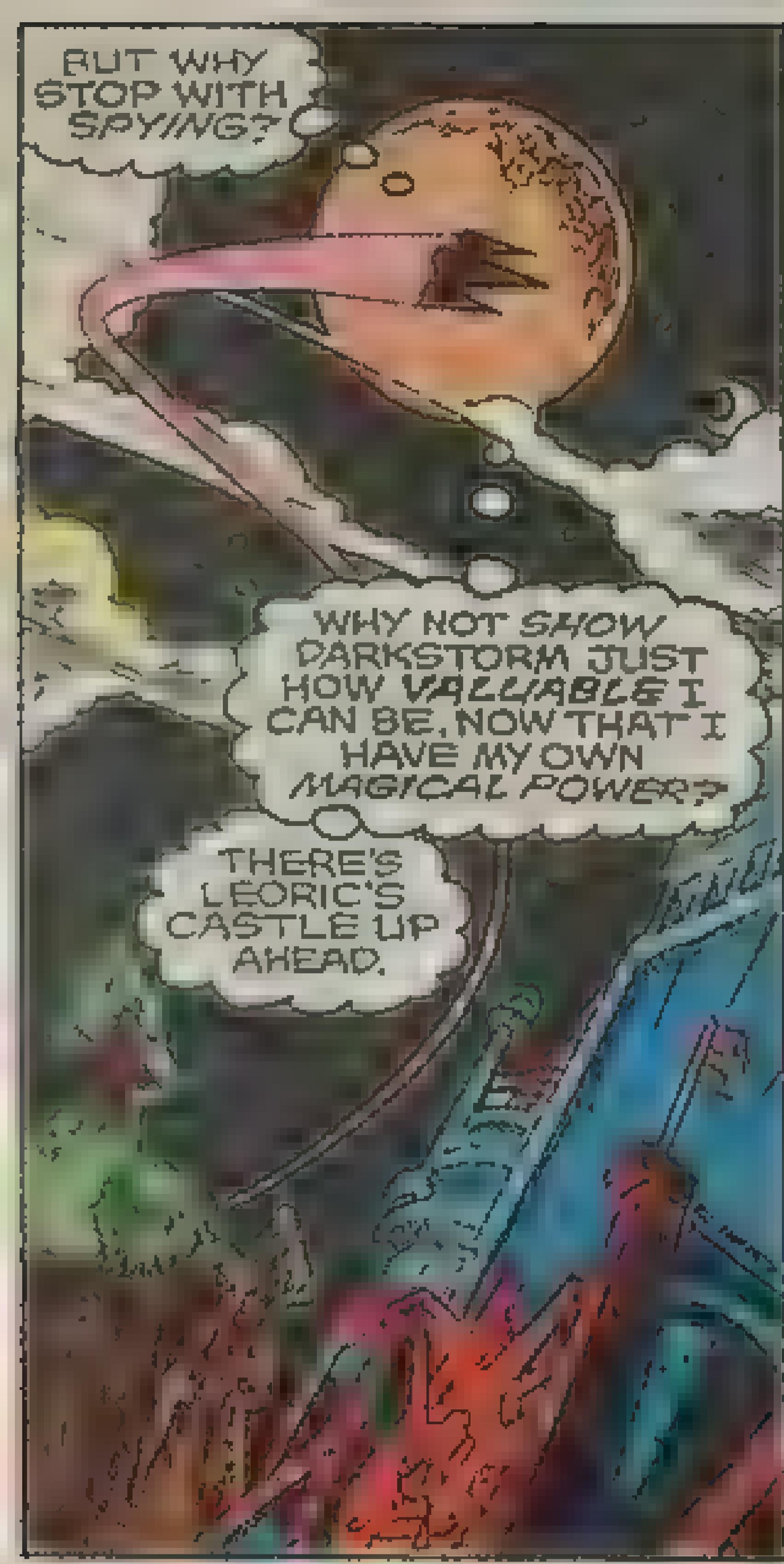
GOOD'A FIGHT! ABOUT TIME!

WHAM!

UNGHH!

MUNCH! GULP! HAMM!





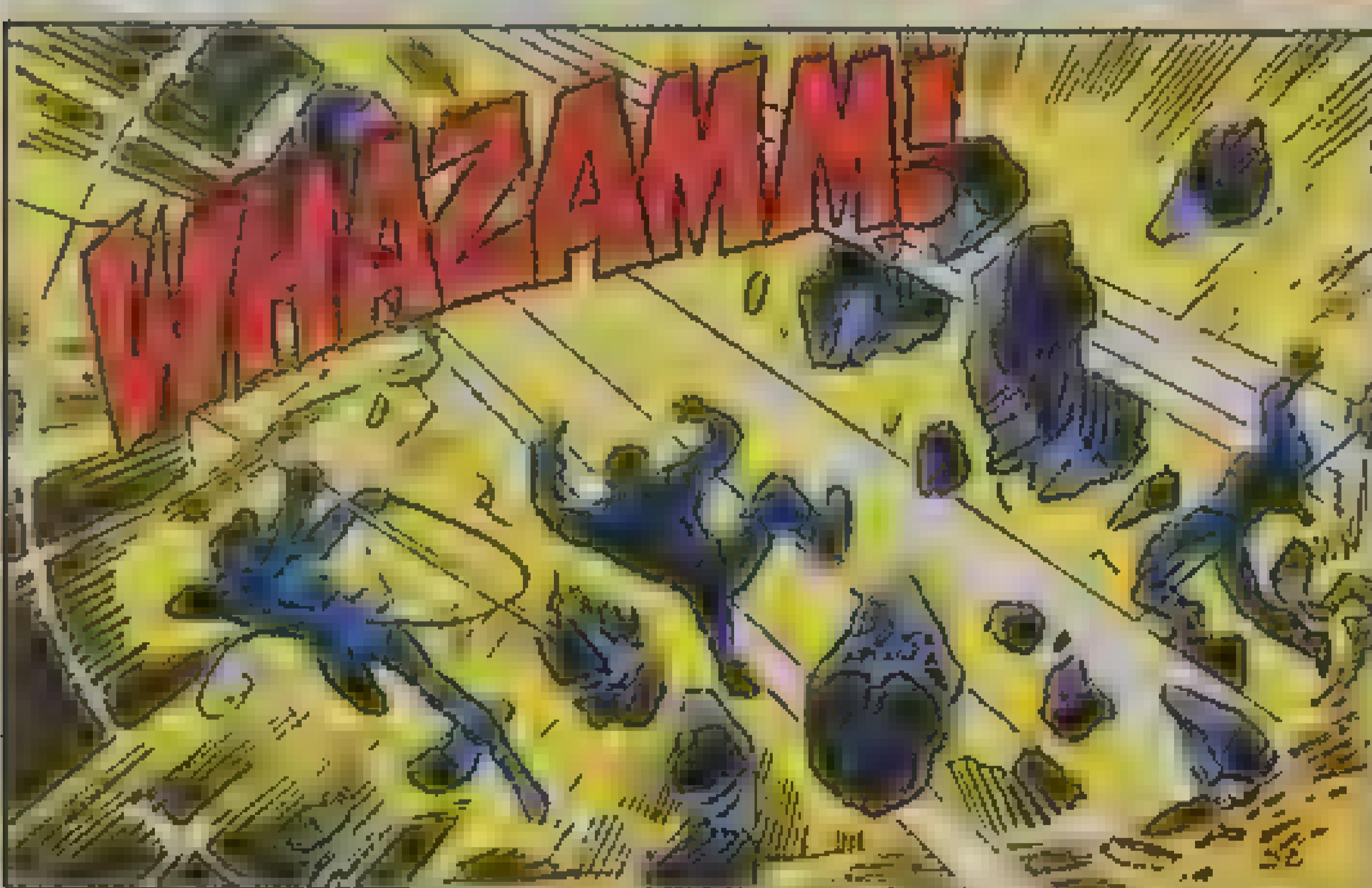
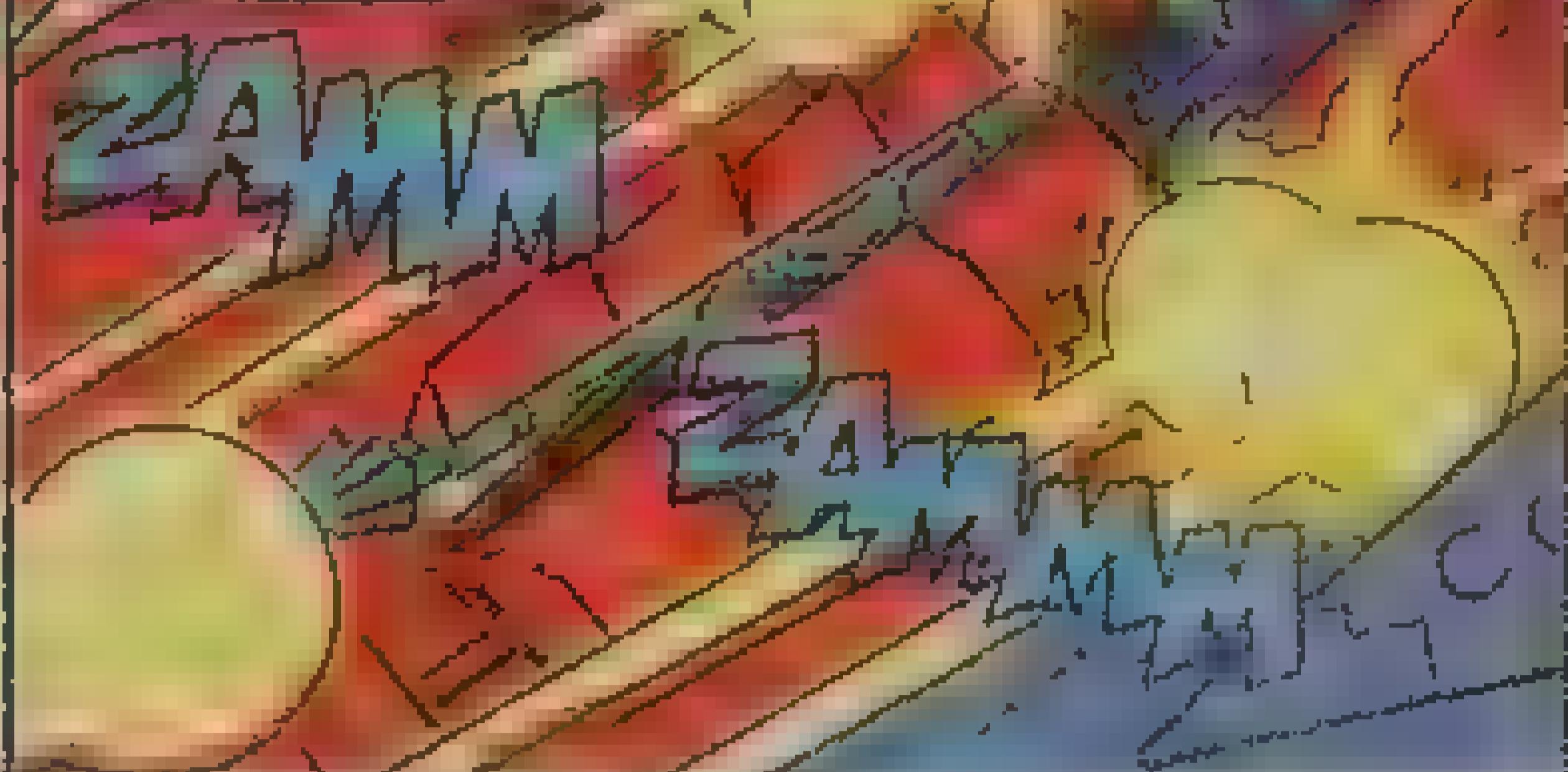
--IMPOSSIBLE?

THAT'S A SKY
SHIP! BUT HOW
CAN IT FLY?
NOTHING
THAT USES
ELECTRICITY
WORKS ANY
MORE!

OBVIOUSLY,
IT DOESN'T
FLY!

THAT CRAFT MUST
BE POWERED BY
MAGIC-- AND
IT'S UNDOUBTEDLY
PILOTED BY ONE
OF THE DARKLORDS!

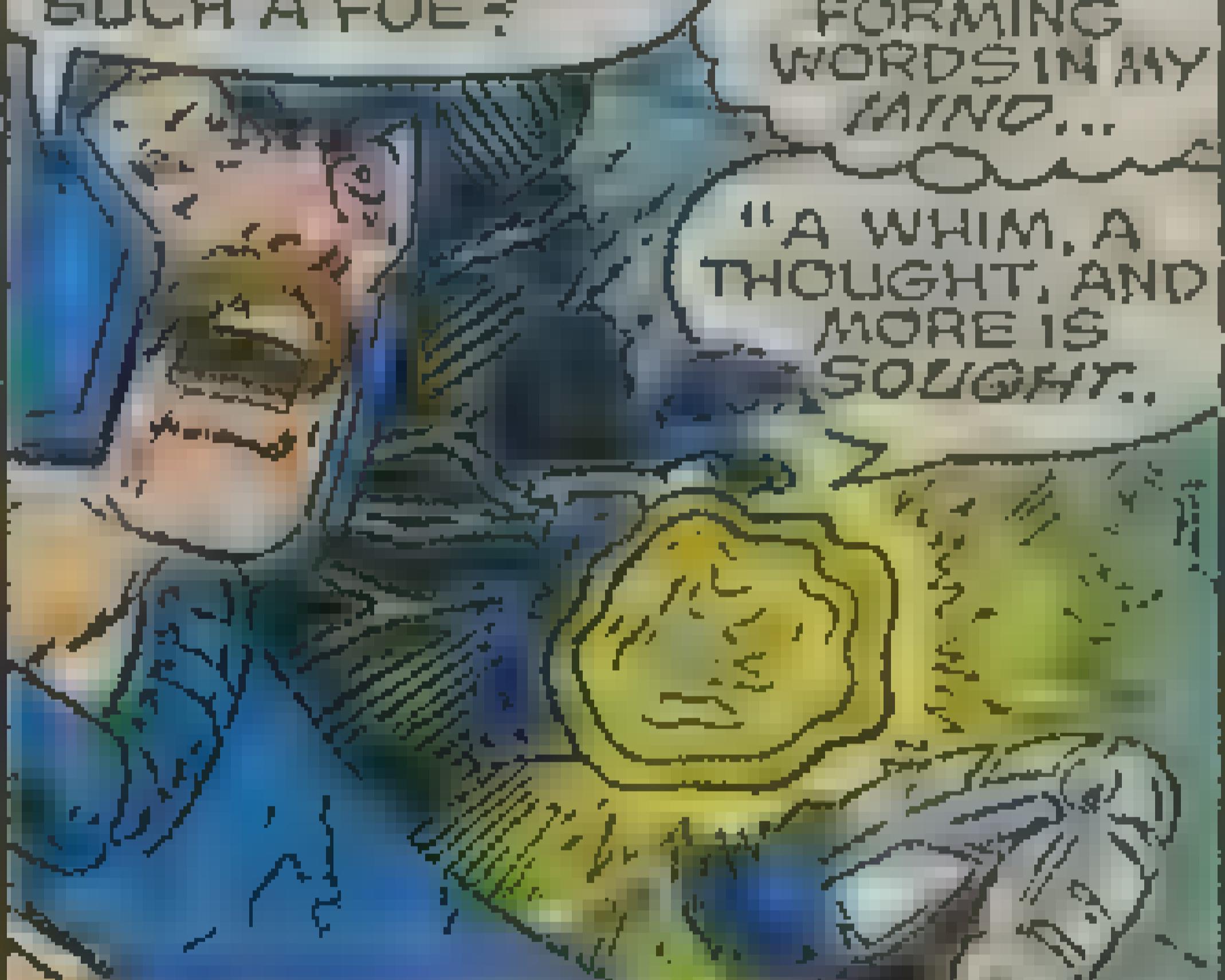
WHAT A DEADLY
COMBINATION!



WITH ALL OF
US ON FOOT, HOW
CAN WE DEFEND
OURSELVES AGAINST
SUCH A FOE?

A VOICE IN MY
THOUGHTS...
MERKLYN'S
VOICE...
FORMING
WORDS IN MY
MIND...

"A WHIM, A
THOUGHT, AND
MORE IS
Sought..."

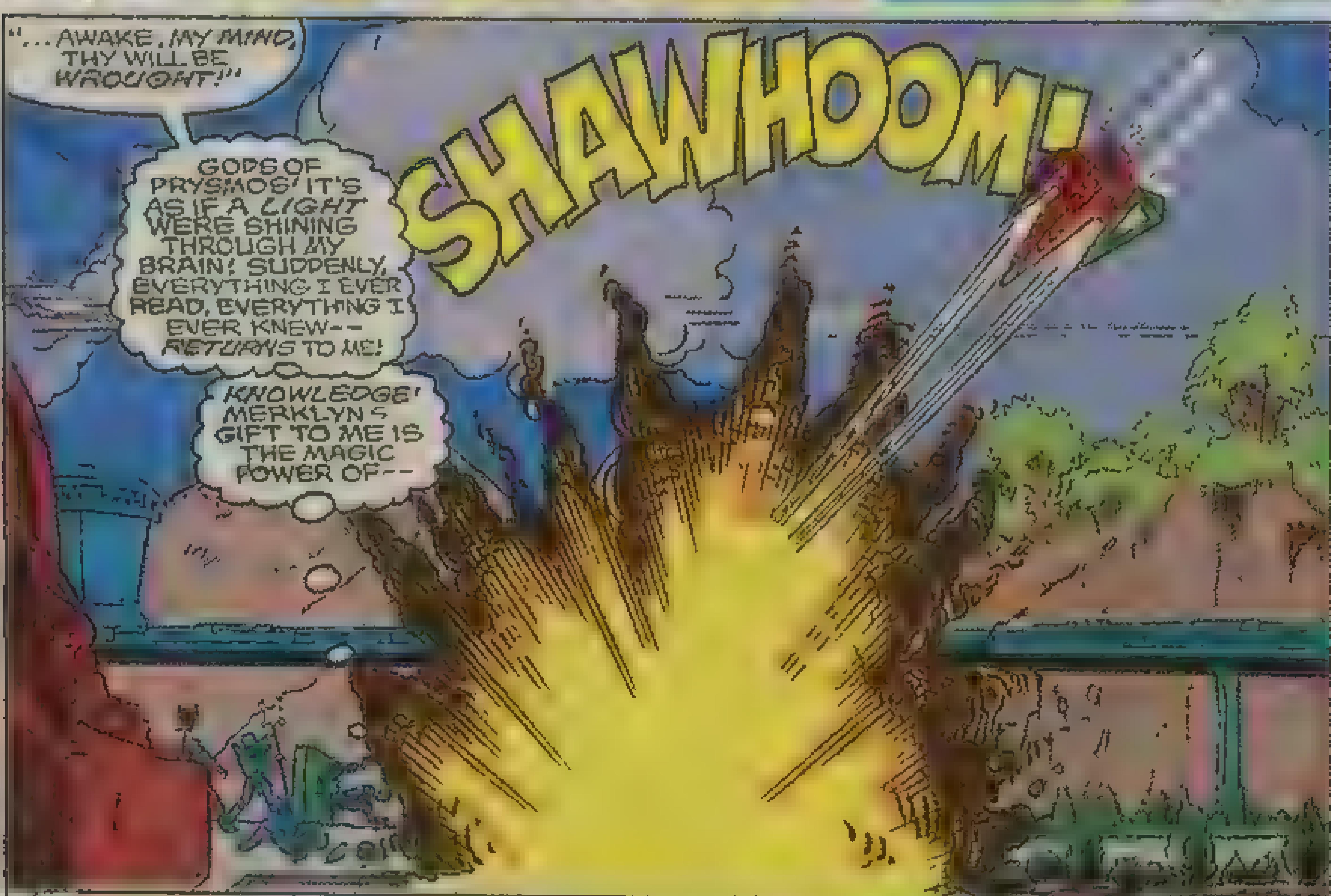


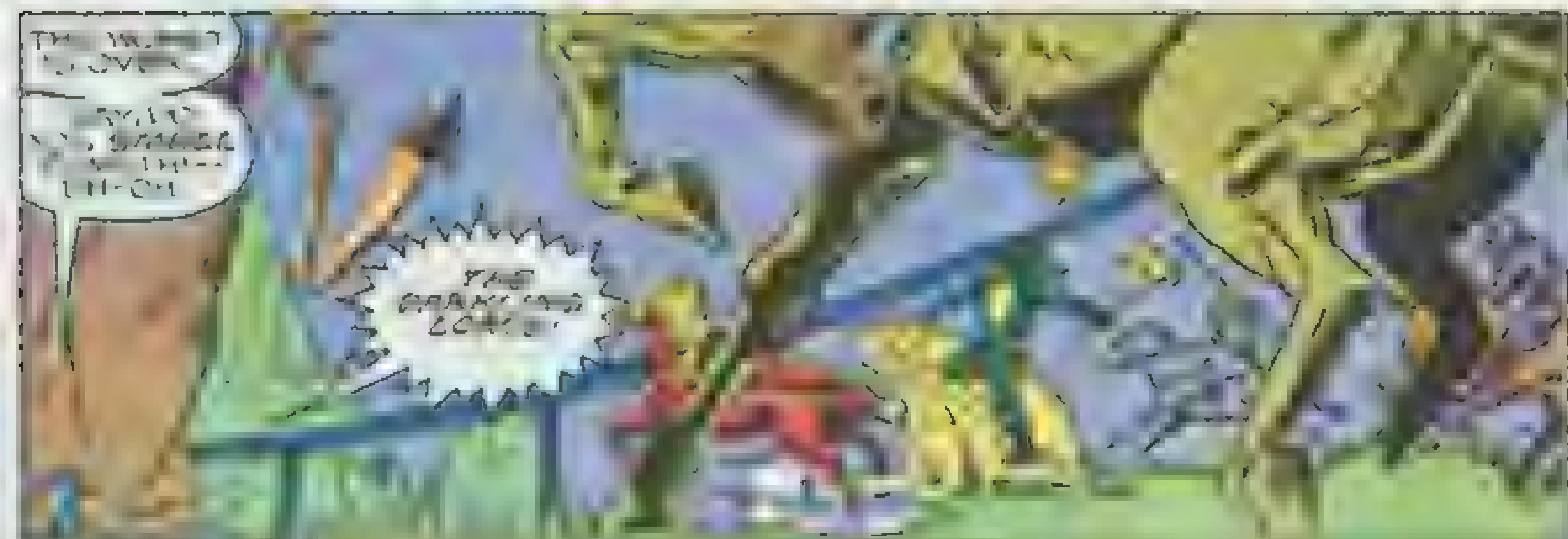
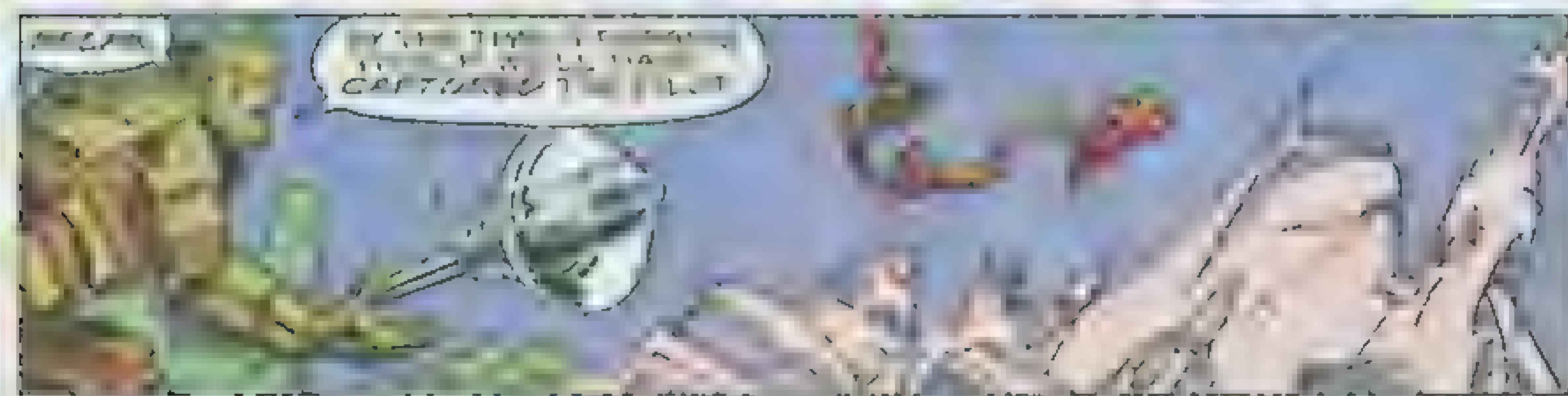
"...AWAKE, MY MIND,
THY WILL BE
WROUGHT!"

GODS OF
PRYSMOS! IT'S
AS IF A LIGHT
WERE SHINING
THROUGH MY
BRAIN! SUDDENLY,
EVERYTHING I EVER
READ, EVERYTHING I
EVER KNEW--
RETURNS TO ME!

KNOWLEDGE!
MERKLYN'S
GIFT TO ME IS
THE MAGIC
POWER OF--

SHANHOOM!





I HAD A FEELING WE'D FIND MORTORED HERE, DOING SOMETHING STUPID, WHEN REEKON FOUND THE SKY CLAW MISSING.

HE'S MADE A PERFECT BOTCH OF THINGS--BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THIS NIGHT'S FIASCO!

DARKLING LORDS! PICK YOUR ADVERSARY-- AND DESTROY HIM!

WITH PLEASURE, MY NOBLE LIEGE!

I'VE BEEN ACHING FOR A REMATCH WITH THESE SO-CALLED KNIGHTS!

KRAK!

UNNN!

HAH!

THE DARKLING LORDS CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE-- WITH OUR DEFENSES DOWN, OUR PEOPLE STILL REELING FROM THAT AIR ATTACK!

WORSE, THEY'RE MOUNTED AND WE'RE AFOOT-- GIVING THEM THE TACTICAL ADVANTAGE!

SOMEHOW I HAVE TO EVEN THE ODDS AGAINST US!

PERHAPS BY LAUNCHING AN "AIR ATTACK" OF MY OWN--

...AND WHAT BETTER TARGET THAN THAT CRINGING COWARD, LEXORE?

PERHAPS IT IS THE RUSTLE OF LEAVES THAT ALERTS THE DARKLING LORD--

--BUT WHATEVER THE REASON, ECTAR'S ATTACK ISN'T QUITE AS UNEXPECTED AS HE'D HOPED.

--PERHAPS SOME OLDER, INSTINCTIVE SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION--

GHH!

FOOL! YOU CAN'T HURT ME!

"THE ARROWS TURN, THE SWORDS REBEL--

--MAY NOTHING PIERCE THIS MORTAL SHELL!"

HAHAHAHA!

SKRAK!

OWWW!

THERE'S THE ONE
CALLED ARZON,
CINDARR! GET HIM!

DON'T GIVE
ME ORDERS,
CRAVEX!

I'LL SMASH THAT
KNIGHT BECAUSE I
WANT TO, NOT ON
YOUR SAY SO--
HUH?

CHANGING INTO
HIS MAGICAL
TOTEM--AN
EAGLE--
FLYING AWAY!
HOW DARE HE!



AMAZING HOW THIS
SKY CLAW REPAIRS
ITSELF ALMOST
HEALING LIKE A
THING ALIVE!

NOW I CAN
RETURN TO THE
BATTLE--AND
WIN MY MASTER
DARKSTORM'S
GRATEFUL
APPROVAL!

AHH! LEORIC--
ON THAT ROCK--
ABOUT TO
AMBUSH LORD
DARKSTORM!

HOW BETTER TO
WIN MY LORD'S
GRATITUDE THAN
BY DESTROYING HIS
ENEMY? LEORIC
CAN'T SEE OR HEAR
ME AT THIS
DISTANCE!

I HAVE
YOU IN MY
SIGHTS,
LEORIC!
YOU'RE
MINE!



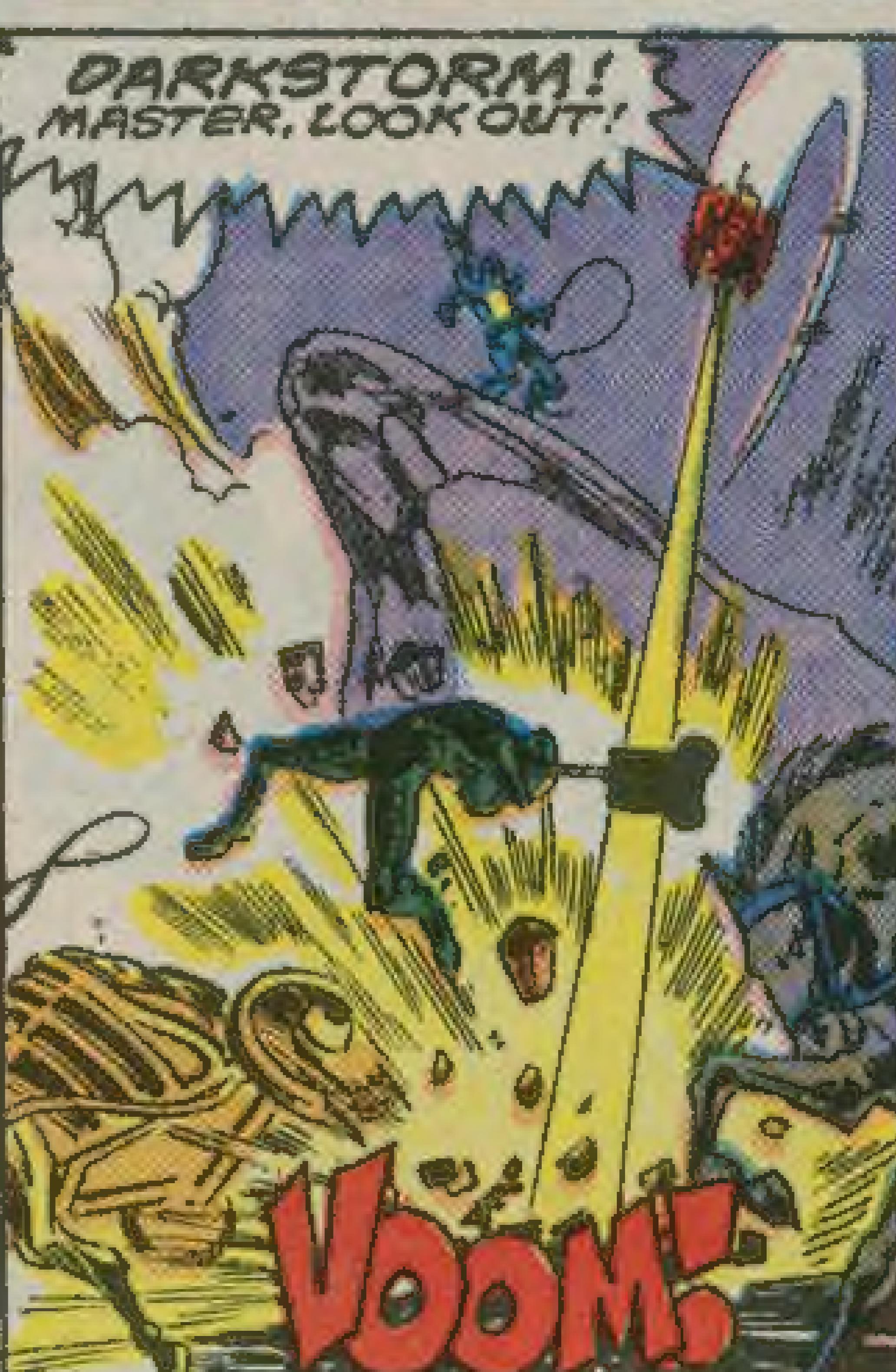
AND YOU'RE MINE,
BACK-STABBER!

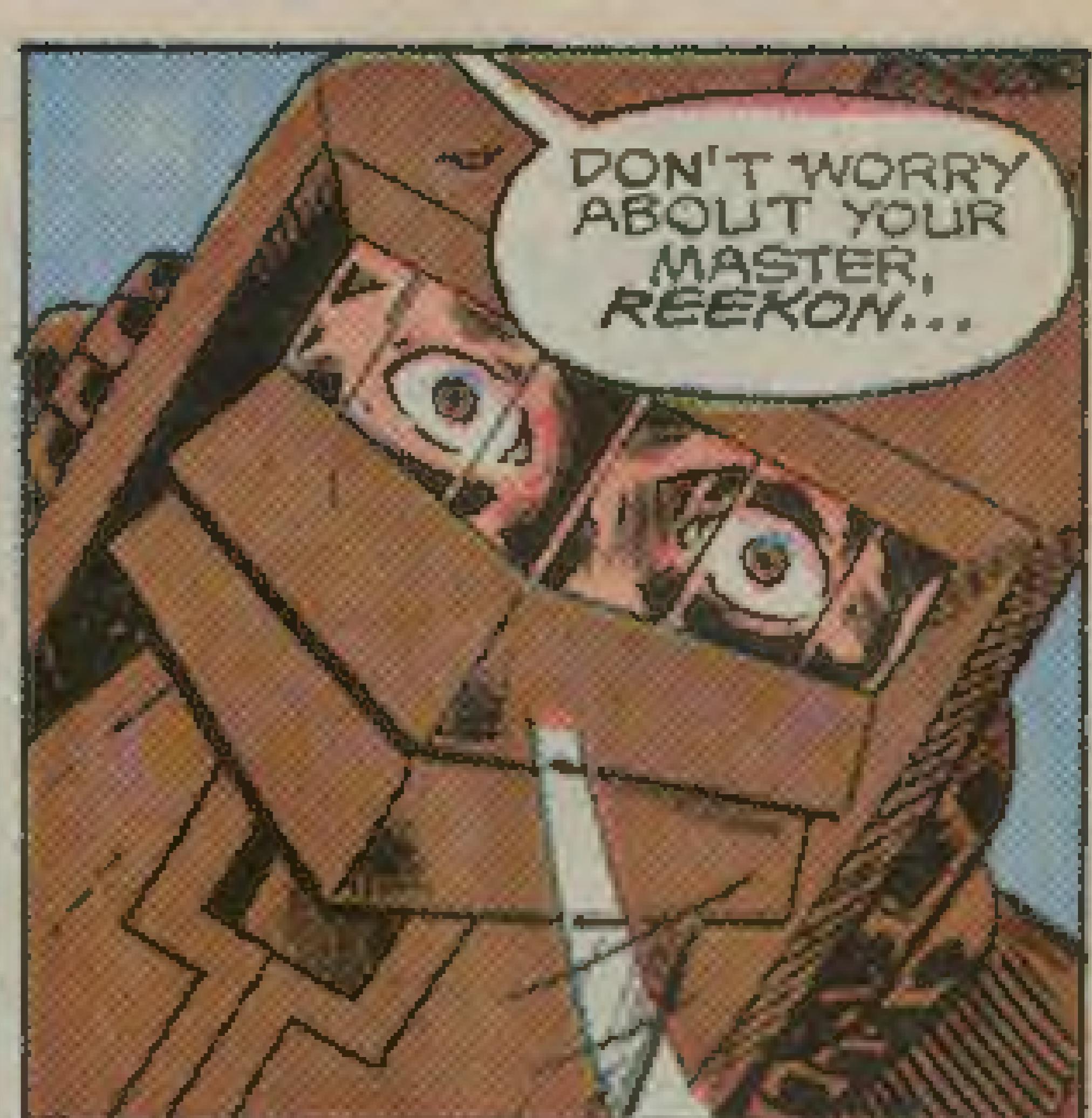
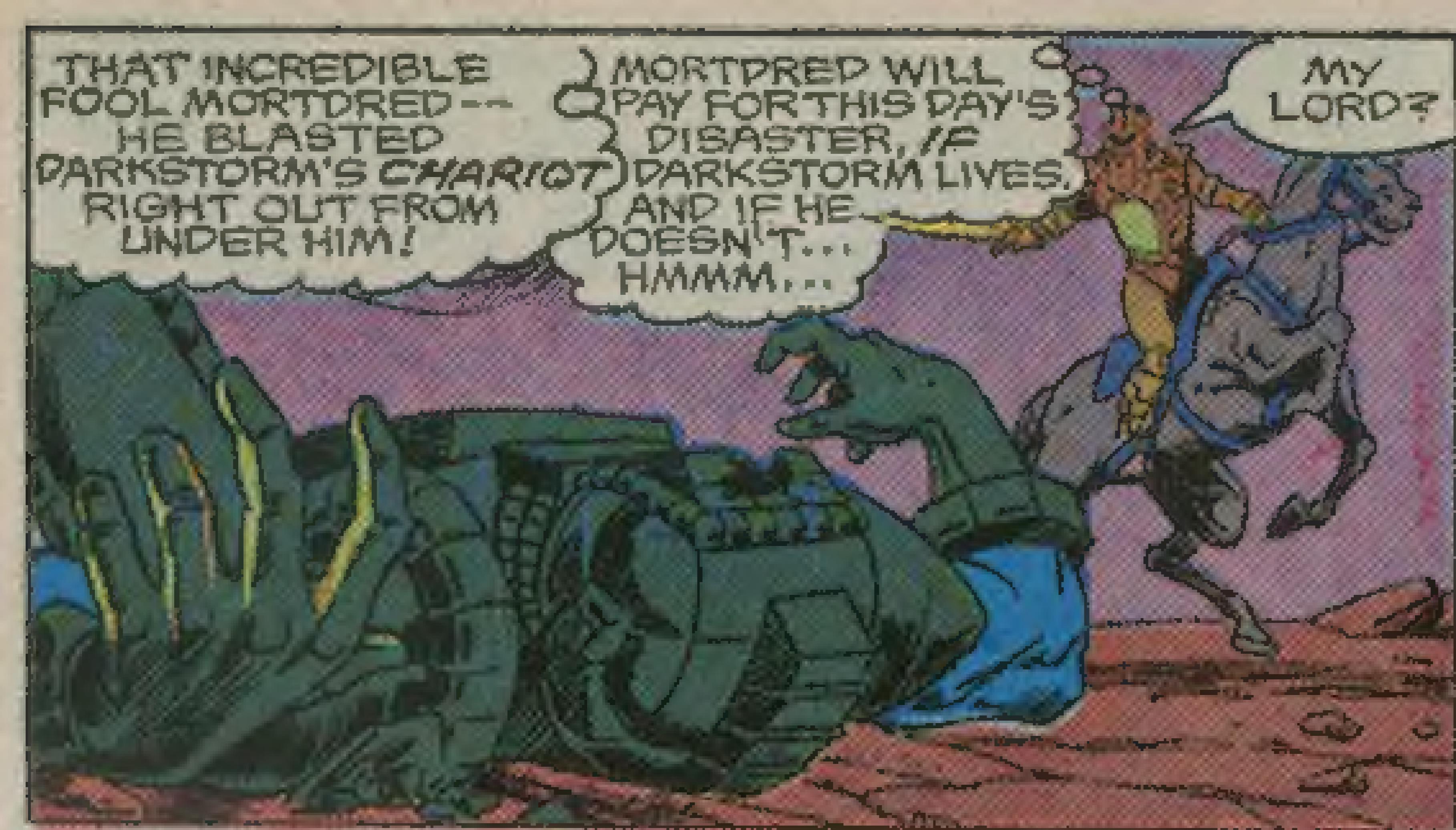
ARRRHH!

UH...NO...
LASER FIRING
WITH...ITS
BURST...GOING
TO HIT...

DARKSTORM!
MASTER, LOOK OUT!

ZAMM!
VOOM!





SHUT UP, MORTORED--
BEFORE I TEACH YOU
ANOTHER LESSON
IN MANNERS!

YOU HEARD,
REEKON! ALL OF
YOU! RETREAT!

RETREAT!

BLAME
ME. ALWAYS
BLAME ME,
NEVER GIVE
ME CREDIT,
NOT ONCE--



NEXT MORNING,
IN DARKSTORM'S
DARK DOMAIN...

I MUST GIVE
YOU CREDIT,
MORTORED...

...IF YOU WERE
WORKING FOR
LEORIC, YOU
COULD NOT
HAVE GIVEN HIM
MORE HELP
THAN YOU
DID LAST
NIGHT.

I WANTED TO SHIFT
THE BALANCE OF
POWER, AND THAT'S
WHAT YOU DID--BUT
BY LOSING THE SKY
CLAW TO THE
KNIGHTS, YOU SHIFTED
IT IN THEIR FAVOR!

B-B-BUT MY
LORD
DARKSTORM...



THE END